PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH

OCT 1 8 1946

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXII. No. 812. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 181
Trade Unions in Transition 183
The Case for Partition. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 184
A London Diary. By Critic. 185
Vestried Interests. By Sagittarius . . 185
The Squatters Move In 186
Conditions in Iraq. By M. H. Hadid . . 186
A New Play. By Desmond MacCarthy. . 187
The Movies. By Norman MacKenzie . Page 187
Radio Notes. By J. V. Ste-Maxime . . 188
Some Recent Pictures. By Henry Crabbe . 188
Poetry Recital. By Siriol Hugh Jones. . 188
This England 188
Correspondence 189
From H. V. Hancock; N. E. L. McClenaghan; Wm. Goodall; John Coast; Archibald Robertson; Victor Gollancz; D. H. Leadbetter; and others.
Books in General. By Richard Jennings Page 191
Reviews:
  Spanish Conversation. By Helen F. Grant . 192
  New Novels. By Rayner Heppenstall. . 192
  Architecture for Everyman. By J. M. Richards 193
  Scandinavian Theatre. By Graham Rawson. 193
  Filing for Teachers. By John Garrett . . 194
  Shorter Notice 194
Week-end Competitions 195

PAX AMERICANA

Mr. Byrnes' much publicised Stuttgart speech contains many points which would have merited a more favourable reception had the speech been delivered in another place, to a different audience and by the spokesman of a nation other than the United States. Outside France, few will gainsay the proposition that, subject to adequate safeguards, there should now be a central German administration (or, as the Russians prefer, central German secretariats) for a unitary Reich. It is, or should be, a matter of universal agreement that the drafting of peace terms for Germany should be undertaken with expedition; and, though it may be difficult now to undo substantially the acquisition by Poland of the Western territories provisionally given her by the Potsdam Agreement, it is arguable that some modification of the Oder-Neisse line, on the basis both of ethnic rights and economic efficiency, calls for consideration.

Unhappily it is impossible to overlook the fact that Mr. Byrnes was speaking as the representative of a Power which has announced that it is planning for the remobilisation, at need, of an army four million strong, which is pressing on with the production of atomic bombs, and whose interpretation of America's imperialist mission has been illustrated by the unilateral acquisition of bases in the Pacific, by the suppression of democracy in Korea and the Philippines, and by wholehearted material support for the worst reactionary elements in China, even at the cost of plunging that country in civil war. Nor can it be forgotten that Mr. Byrnes was speaking after General McNarney, commanding U.S. Forces in Germany, had expressed his shocked surprise at the discovery that Russian policy in the Reich aims at " the destruction of the capitalist system," or that, in the American Zone, food distribution, according to a published report by Señor del Vayo, is organised to the detriment of Socialists and in favour of the Christian Democratic Union.

In the next place, it must be asked, why did Mr. Byrnes prefer to make his statement of American policy, not to the Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris, but from a rostrum in Germany with all the apparatus of mass publicity? Clearly one underlying motive behind the speech was to influence the forthcoming municipal elections in Berlin in an attempt to offset the sweeping victories of the United Socialist Party in Saxony and Thuringia and to " sell " the United States to the German people as their champion against what Mr. Byrnes termed " the political domination or manipulation of an outside Power." Germany, or at least Western Germany, is invited to accept from American hands " freedom " on terms acceptable to American Big Business.

We have yet to learn the Russians' response to Mr. Byrnes' propositions. They are unlikely to oppose in principle the contention that Germany should be treated as an economic whole; indeed, they have taken the lead in endeavouring to promote greater inter-zonal trade. But their reactions are likely to be influenced, first and foremost, by deep suspicions of the sort of " democracy " which Mr. Byrnes postulates as a condition for the establishment of a central Reich administration. As for France, Mr. Byrnes has succeeded, for almost the first time in recent French history, in creating unanimity of French opinion. The American " line " is attacked by every Paris journal, ranging from the Right-wing *L'Aube* to the Communist *L'Humanité*, as a plea for the resurgence of Germany as a pawn in the American orbit without regard for the security or economic interests of France. If Mr. Byrnes had desired to increase French intransigeance over the German problem, or to make France more inclined to look to Moscow as the sole source of succour, he could not have succeeded better.

What has the British Government to say about it? It is known that the purport of Mr. Byrnes' speech was communicated, before it was delivered, to Mr. Bevin, and there is no evidence, so far, that the British Government dissents in any detail. Yet, this at least can be said of the speech without fear of contradiction: it was not a statement of Socialist policy which should command the unquestioning endorsement of a Labour Government. In particular, we would note that, though Mr. Byrnes was emphatic that American forces would stay in Europe, and that there could be no question of dispensing with a " security " garrison for the time being, he gave no hint of support for (indeed he appeared to oppose) the whole idea of international control of the Ruhr to which the British Labour movement is committed. It is a matter for disquiet that, while high-ranking Nazis or ex-Nazis continue to be appointed in the British Zone to positions of authority, like the post of Director-General of Railways recently allotted to Dr. Busch, the Cabinet should give the impression that its conception of British policy towards Germany is simply acquiescence in an American Peace. The interests of the United States in Europe are not identical with those of Britain or France or any of the nations on Europe's north-western Atlantic seaboard. What is needed to-day—and has been needed for a year past—is that the British Government should take the lead in endeavouring to concert with France and our other continental neighbours a *European* policy towards Germany. That alone will save us from drifting disastrously into the position of American satellite in a struggle between two Big Power camps.

Crumbs of Comfort

Small crumbs of comfort have fallen from the Paris Conference table. Having decided sensibly that it would be fatal to adjourn the Peace Conference at this stage and that, in consequence, the Assembly of the United Nations should be postponed for one more month, the Big Four now seem to be in agreement that October 23rd should really be a deadline for the Paris Conference to finish its work, and that the various committees must complete their tasks by October 9th. One controversial issue has been smoothed " in the wings " by the Italo-Austrian agreement that equality of cultural and economic rights shall be assured for all inhabitants of the South Tyrol. German and Italian are both to be official languages, and frontier impediments are to be eased. If this excellent example could be followed in the case of the no-man's land between Italy and Yugoslavia, the task of the Committee now considering the Trieste Statute would be sensibly lightened. Unfortunately, though Mr.

Molotov is reliably reported to have returned from Moscow with instructions to do all in his power to promote all-round settlement of the Treaties, Venezia Giulia with its ports and dockyards has a strategic importance which the South Tyrol is lucky in lacking. So far, signs of approach to an agreed solution for Trieste and its disputed hinterland are not obvious.

End of a Dynasty

Little Simeon II had no chance: the overwhelming vote in favour of a Republic in Bulgaria was a foregone conclusion. In the eyes of the Bulgarian people the Coburg dynasty had become identified with tyranny and disaster, with the economic backwardness of a country whose peasants and workers are naturally industrious, with violations of the constitution and the establishment of a dictatorship maintained by terror, and with a foreign policy aimed, in Germany's interest, at perpetual discord between the Slav peoples of the Balkans. The boy Simeon is the scapegoat for Bulgaria's defeat in three futile and disastrous wars in the last thirty-three years. What form the new Republic will take remains to be seen. On the eve of the plebiscite, not even the Church or the Right-wing opposition ventured to defend the monarchy; but it does not follow that these elements will favour the sort of People's Republic which the Left wing of the Fatherland Front has in mind.

Royal House Warming

While the ex-King and his family are packing their bags in Sofia, the Populist Party is making Athens ready for the return of George II. Its first action, coinciding with the announcement that British troops will evacuate the Athens area by September 15th, has been to re-impose the Security Laws which were suspended before the plebiscite. These laws give the Army and the Gendarmerie power to arrest anybody "suspected" of planning any measure against public order. "Suspects," after trial by special tribunal, are liable to deportation to the islands. Since the laws came into operation, last April, there have been 1,500 deportations under this edict alone. Meanwhile, revolutionary activity is increasing in the Mount Olympus area, and the main Athens-Salonika road—the only land communication between the cities—is reported to have been put out of action by guerrilla mines. At the Security Council, Mr. Manuilsky continues his voluble efforts to prove that Greece constitutes a "situation" requiring investigation. The British reply, delivered by Sir Alexander Cadogan, is that the Greek elections and plebiscite were fair and a clear reflection of the will of the majority of the Greek people; that the internal politics of Greece are no affair of the Security Council; and that conditions in Greece would be better than they are if it were not for "Communist pressure and propaganda inside Greece and along her borders." In this ideological tug of war the Council is more likely to take sides than frame impartial judgment.

France and Viet-Nam

The French are busily engaged trying to limit the area over which the Viet-Nam shall have administrative control. During the course of the recent negotiations in Paris with Viet-Nam representatives, the French called a second conference in Southern Annam, ostensibly for consultative purposes. This was naturally regarded as prejudging the issues, and the Paris talks broke down. New proposals which were then made by the President of the Viet-Nam Republic, Mr. Ho Chi-Minh, have also been rejected by the French. The rich rice-lands of Cochin-China are the crux of the matter. Shall they be a part of the Viet-Nam, or a separate part of an Indo-Chinese Federation embracing Cambodia and Laos? The French are trying to set up a Provisional Government, taking advantage of the fact that their troops are still there. The Viet-Nam Delegation wants a referendum on the Federation after withdrawal of French forces. The delaying tactics of the French reflect their unwillingness to face the real situation in liberated Indo-China.

A Wall Street Pointer?

The slump in Wall Street has become news of international importance. During the past ten days heavy selling and spectacular declines in market prices have not been confined to speculative shares, but have extended to leading "blue chip" industrial securities which form the basis of solid banking and insurance investment portfolios. It is difficult to believe that "jitters" over the international situation or the current strike by the American maritime unions are a sufficient explanation for the volume of selling. It looks rather as if a definite "bear market" had developed, of the type which foreshadowed the economic collapse of 1930. It does not follow that that disastrous slump will be precisely repeated; but evidence is accumulating that conditions favourable for a business recession (which leading economists had forecast for 1948) may occur sooner than expected. On the one hand, though arrears have still to be made good in some lines of production such as automobiles, output of semi-durable consumers' goods, never radically curtailed by the war, has already shot ahead since VJ Day to new peak levels. On the other hand, the rise in prices—given fresh momentum by the decision of the Price Decontrol Board to lift the controls on grains and dairy products and by Secretary Anderson's refusal to roll back meat prices to anything like the June 30 ceiling—has cut heavily into the "small" savings on which businessmen were relying to sustain consumption. As the New York *Nation* points out, the average monthly increase of prices during the long Chinese inflation was approximately 10 per cent; but since the death of O.P.A., U.S. food prices have risen by over 15 per cent each month. World War II, moreover, did little in America to alter the acute maldistribution of wealth, out of which capitalist slumps spring.

The American Strike

After all, the American Federation of Labour, and not the Congress of Industrial Organisation, has taken the lead in challenging the official "wages stop" policy in the United States. The seamen and port workers organised in the A.F. of L. have effectively held up shipping in both the Atlantic and the Pacific ports; and the C.I.O. Unions in the industries affected are co-operating by refusing to break the A.F. of L. picket-lines. Whether or not this is the beginning of a really big wage-offensive, or the Unions' reply to the failures to keep prices under effective control, it is certainly a strong challenge to the Administration, which looks like having to sanction an advance going beyond what is allowable under the formula hitherto applied. The Wage Stabilisation Board cannot possibly contend that prices have not risen as a consequence of the relaxations in control, or that profit margins have not widened considerably in recent months. In this case, the employers are in effect not parties to the dispute; for they had agreed to a larger advance than the Stabilisation Board was proposed to endorse. The struggle is thus directly between the Unions and the Government, which cannot evade responsibility. Naturally, the Government is particularly anxious just now to appear to be neither for Labour nor against it; for it wants to keep all Labour issues as much as possible in the background during the election. Labour, on the other hand, is being forced further into politics; and the A.F. of L. is said to be on the point of setting up a Political Action Committee of its own, to rival and, it hopes, to supplant that of the C.I.O.

With a Capital R

The one thing that can be said with certainty about the Iron and Steel Board, which Mr. Wilmot has selected, is that its conception of the industry's future will be in terms, not of Nationalisation, but of Rationalisation. The two Labour representatives on the Board are both officials of unions of workers connected directly or indirectly with steel; and their efforts are likely to be confined to protecting their members from loss of earnings or employment. The Treasury representatives will be interested only in ensuring that the capital which the State is to lend the industry is not wastefully used. The two employers' representatives can be relied on to express faithfully the views of the Iron and Steel Federation. Thus the initiative in the formulation of policy is likely to come largely from the chairman, Sir Archibald Forbes. His record is that of an able accountant, whose approach to industrial problems is that of a financial reorganiser. Presumably he will be inclined temperamentally and by training to the sort of rationalisation which was applied to the shipbuilding industry in the inter-war period. In short, there is nothing in the composition of the Board to suggest that it will interfere in any serious way with the Iron and Steel Federation's resistance to public control.

Unrest in South Wales

Last Saturday's unemployed demonstration in Cardiff was none the less important because the Communist Party was behind it. Although the Board of Trade has been making big efforts to persuade new industries to settle in South Wales, unemployment has been mounting steadily, and it is plain that the area's industrial problems are still a long way short of being solved. The new factories that have been started and the converted war factories that have been opened up for the most part employ women's labour; and in face of the fall in employment in steel and tinplates as well as in coal-mining, there remains a surplus of male labour for which no openings exist. The increase in women's employment has improved the industrial balance of the region —and has incidentally reduced the supply of young women entering domestic service outside Wales—but it has not got rid of unemployment. Housing, too, has been going very slowly in South Wales, where housing conditions are generally abominable; and there have been many grievances over the dealing of compensation and other payments in connection with children's allowances. The feeling of unrest in the area has been strengthened by Mr. Attlee's brusque refusal of the request, supported by all parties in South Wales, for a Secretary of State at the head of a Welsh Department. The Communists as well as the Welsh Nationalists can make capital out of this against the Labour Party. On the other side of the account there is only the proposed Severn Bridge, which will come before a public inquiry during the next few weeks. That, however, is still merely a project—as, according to the organisers of last Saturday's demonstration, are many of the new factories promised but not yet even being built.

No Trade With Argentina?

The British Trade Delegation is coming home. The point of failure was clearly the fate of the Argentine sterling balances, which total over a hundred and forty million pounds. The British delegation was unable to accept the Argentine demand for the conversion of the balances into a loan at two and a half per cent., after using twenty-five millions for the redemption of Argentina's bonded debt to Britain and ten millions for a credit to Brazil to pay for Argentine purchases there. The British, who had sought an overall agreement covering the meat contract and the British-owned railways as well as the sterling balances, could get no answer to their definite proposal about meat supplies and were also unable even to begin a discussion about the railways. They had been clearly instructed that Argentina could not be given preferential treatment in the matter of the balances since this would be unfair to India and other countries which are owed a total of over four thousand millions for war debts. The negotiations have failed. Señor Miranda stated that no compromise was possible on the Argentine formula, which President Peron could not be persuaded to amend. Yet what does Peron hope to gain by the breakdown? Argentina cannot in the long run do without the British meat market.

Europe after Unrra

The European Sub-Commission of Uno's Economic and Social Council, which has been meeting in London with an almost entire absence of publicity, has this week finished drawing up its report for consideration by the Council at its next meeting. The report proposes the establishment under Uno of a European Economic Council to continue the relief functions of Unrra in Europe and also to undertake somewhat longer-run forms of economic development. It would take over the functions of the existing provisional Boards dealing with European internal transport, coal allocations, and other similar matters, and would be supported financially by Uno as a whole, with the Americans playing a direct part in its work, as indeed they would have to do if they were to be called upon to supply a large part of the capital needed for its operation. In the discussions, the Soviet delegate, suspicious that the plan may be a cover for capitalist infiltration into Eastern Europe, has apparently kept, for the most part, an ominous silence; but the Czechs and Poles, who want American capital for economic development, have been more oncoming. The Americans are said also to have been fearful of being committed to a big extension of Unrra under another name. Finally, Germany, it appears, has been to all intents and purposes left out of consideration, because it could not be brought in without prejudging policy issues that are under discussion elsewhere. Altogether, the prospects of having a new organisation ready to take over from Unrra in Europe by the end of the year cannot be regarded as bright.

F.A.O. at Work

The Food and Agriculture Organisation, on the other hand, appears at this stage to be getting on reasonably well. Sir John Boyd Orr is one of those obstinate idealists who refuse to be put down or discouraged by politicians. To him the problem is a simple essay in scientific arithmetic. Here are so many people, all over the world, with open mouths and empty stomachs; and here is so much food-growing capacity that could be used to supply their needs. Obviously all that is needed is to arrange for the output that will suffice to feed everybody on an adequate scale of nutrition and, lest Nature prove unduly bountiful in responding to what man proposes, to guarantee the producers against losses by setting up international bodies that can buy for stock or for pre-distribution in case of gluts and can release from stocks to meet unexpected shortages. This hard, idealistic Scottish common sense luckily finds an echo everywhere in agricultural hearts, and even in the minds of politicians who have to pay attention to agricultural interests. It is the only form of planning that is not anathema to the American Government, and it is croaked at only by economists of the "liberal" school who are afraid that it may all turn into a world conspiracy to hold up agricultural prices—as indeed it may, if things go wrong. The attitude of the Soviet Union, which is not yet in F.A.O., remains doubtful; but there is hope that some sort of Food Board will emerge, representing both importing and exporting countries, and pledged to plans for expanding world food production and for steadying prices by building up buffer stocks when conditions allow.

TRADE UNIONS IN TRANSITION

It is now necessary to face the consequences of the social changes which have converted Trade Unionism from a barely tolerated outlaw into an indispensable part of the working machinery of our society. Wages and conditions can no longer be left to the planless higgling of the market. They could be left to it only as long as the employers had the whip hand, and our society was conducted on the assumption that the whip hand ought to be theirs.

In these days there have to be great wage-bargains covering whole industries and involving hundreds of thousands of workers, and each of these great bargains has to be made in pretty close relation to all the others, because it is really a question of deciding how much the country can afford to pay out in wages without running into inflation, and then of sharing out the total so as to minimise disappointment and friction. Under these circumstances, most wage-bargaining is bound to be very remote from the ordinary worker; and as far as wages and working hours are concerned, he is bound to feel that his Union is an external power that does things to him rather than an expression of his own and his fellow-workers' wills. The Trade Union bureaucracy, unavoidably swollen by the mass of tasks imposed upon it, comes to feel, and to be felt as, increasingly separate from the rank and file; and the Trade Union, in one of its aspects, becomes an instrument for disciplining labour rather than a means of self-expression and striving after social improvement.

This is a dangerous state of affairs; but there is no evading the circumstances that have given rise to it. If there is to be a wages policy, there must be large and comprehensive agencies for collective bargaining, and it must be possible, through these agencies, to reach conclusive settlements. Such settlements are, however, out of the question if any dissatisfied group is free to break away, to set up a rival Union, and to claim recognition as an independent bargaining agency; and, even apart from "breakaway" Unions, collective bargaining will not work if there are not merely rival, but positively hostile Unions claiming to represent the same groups of workers. If we are to use collective bargaining as the main instrument for adjusting labour relations, there must be in each industry a recognised body—either a single Union or a closely knit Federation—to do the bargaining on the labour side, just as there must be, and normally is, a single competent authority on the employers' side.

It does not, of course, follow from this that every worker must be compelled to belong to the recognised Union of his trade or industry. It may suffice to give a single body exclusive recognition of its bargaining rights for the grades which it does in fact adequately represent. But this will certainly not suffice in all cases, and especially it will not serve in those in which there is a large element of common danger. The miner, whose life and limb continually depend on the vigilance and comradely behaviour of his mates, simply cannot be expected, save under pressure of superior force, to agree to work with a non-unionist; for he feels that such a man does not belong to his work-community, and is not to be trusted.

Even apart from this, the Trade Unionist in almost any industry in which Trade Unionism is strong feels a contempt for the non-unionist as a man who wants to reap the benefits of Unionism without paying his share. It is of no more use to argue against this sentiment than it would be to explain to a Roman Catholic that men could get along just as well, and more freely, without churches or creeds, or to expect betting pools to die out because a mathematician demonstrated that, on the average, the betting public was bound to lose. We are not equating these things; we are simply saying that the ordinary Trade Unionist's contempt for non-unionism is an ineradicable sentiment. Nor is it merely foolish; for, if Trade Unions are the bargaining agencies through which wages and conditions are settled for entire industries, surely the natural and democratic thing is for all those whose conditions depend on them to become their members.

This is the democratic thing; but it is subject to the proviso that the Unions themselves must be democratic bodies, within which the rank and file members must have as much real "say" in policy as can be made consistent with orderly determination of wages and conditions on a national scale. Even if the general rate of wages and the general levels of working hours have to be settled nationally, by bargains which must take account of what is being done in other industries, there are a great many secondary issues which need to be adjusted locally or sectionally, in the closest possible contact with the worker whose well-being and happiness in work they directly affect. Every Trade Union needs to have a really good workshop, local and sectional machinery for dealing with issues of this kind; and the work of such machinery in many of the largest Unions is the most important source of unofficial strikes, breakaways, and bad spirit in the factory or place of work. Moreover, these who negotiate nationally need continually to be thinking of the ways in which these general settlements will react on conditions in each particular shop, locality and section; and accordingly the Union's central machine needs to be built up in such a way as to keep the permanent officials in close touch with local feeling and conditions—which becomes harder and harder as Unions get bigger, especially where they are made up of workers of many different trades, skills and types of industrial experience.

This means that, if the Unions federated in the Trades Union Congress are to claim exclusive bargaining rights, including the right to settle among themselves which groups each Union is to represent, it will be incumbent on active Trade Unionists to take in hand the task of bringing internal Trade Union democracy up to date. A great deal more thought will have to be given to the function and power of Joint Production Committees, or similar bodies, in industries of various types. In particular, the relation between J.P.C.'s and Shop Stewards' Committees, and between these Committees and the district organisation of the Trade Unions represented on them, requires review; and there will have to be found ways of relating the national and district machinery of the Unions more closely to the workshop machinery. Some thought has been given to these problems, but not nearly enough; and there will have, in addition, to be a renewal of questioning whether size is in itself as much a good as it seemed when the Trade Unions were still only claimants for power, and whether power, now they have got it, could not in some cases be used more effectively in a less centralised way. This applies especially to such vast combines as the Transport and General Workers' Union, and the General and Municipal Workers' Union, with their strangely heterogeneous memberships. Is it really necessary, or desirable, for one Union to include besides dockers, busmen, tramwaymen, taxi-drivers, lorry-drivers, and many other kinds of transport workers, such curiously assorted groups as flour-millers, quarrymen, tinplate workers, engineering workers, and agricultural labourers? Now that some of these groups are strong enough to stand by themselves, would it not be better for all parties if they did?

The question is not only one of sectional and grade representation, though that is important: it is also one of power. A composite Union cannot afford to give any of its sections an unlimited right to draw on the common funds without submitting to the overriding authority of some body representing all sections of the membership

It could, however, turn itself into something nearer a federation with some division of funds and powers, even if it did not wish to break up into a number of distinct industrial Unions. But there is certain to be keen resistance even to moderate decentralisation; for the feeling that sheer bigness is an advantage, as an embodiment of power, is bound to die hard. It was true in the old days, and it is not easy for Trade Unionists to realise that those days are gone.

In effect, Trade Unionism has now to adapt itself to a situation in which, the employers' disciplinary power having largely gone, or at any rate having been greatly weakened, a large fraction of these powers have inevitably, and not by any one's will, passed over into the hands of the Trade Unions. It now falls on the Trade Unions, to a great extent, to ensure that the wages and conditions they secure by negotiation shall be requited by a good day's work, and that industry shall be so organised as to get the right human responses. This issue will obviously arise most of all in industries such as coal-mining or electricity or transport, which the State is in process of taking over; but they will arise in every major industry, including those which are left in private ownership. If men can no longer be forced to work hard by fear of the sack—and in the main they cannot—there must be new incentives, and indeed new kinds of discipline, instead; and these can be devised only in close consultation with the Unions.

THE CASE FOR PARTITION

The London Conference on Palestine has started in the absence of a single Palestinian, either Jew or Arab. Moderate solutions, such as were possible last May, have been made impossible by the progressive deterioration of relations between the Palestine Administration and both Jews and Arabs. The price of Arab support has been steadily raised during the summer, while the Jews, with nearly all their moderate Left-wing leadership held in detention camps, and subjected to the dictatorship of General Barker, have decided that there is nothing to gain by attending the opening of the conference. Finally, American support for the Morrison plan, has been withheld.

A black situation is relieved by one hopeful sign. The Egyptian deadlock is beginning to alarm the Arab League. It now realises that if no solution is found, Mr. Bevin will return to the 1936 Treaty. The shrewd politicians of the League, including its Egyptian secretary, Azzam Pasha, see that the double demand for withdrawal of British troops from Egypt and immediate independence for an Arab Palestine, is something which no British Government can possibly concede. Unless the League is prepared to recognise British interests in Palestine, there is no prospect of progress in the Egyptian negotiations. There is good reason to believe that Sidky Pasha is prepared to consider a Jewish State in part of Palestine, provided that the Jews will grant to the British all the military bases which they need, and so facilitate the total evacuation of British troops from Egypt.

This, unfortunately, is what the so-called Morrison Plan completely fails to do. Unacceptable to Jews and Arabs alike, it makes disorder certain in Palestine and so renders it useless as a military base. It is a Colonial Office concoction, designed in the true tradition of that Office to avoid finality. It retains all the keys of power in British hands, and even if the Jews and Arabs were prepared to work it, maintains that uneasy equilibrium between the two communities which the Palestine Administration is so adept at exploiting. The Jews and Arabs of Palestine are no fools: they have seen through the Plan and understand perfectly its intentions—to maintain the *status quo*. If there is anything on which they agree, it is that the *status quo*—an autocratic police state ruled without the consent of a single Palestinian—is completely intolerable.

It is very difficult in these circumstances to understand why the Government has refused to accept the Jewish Agency's proposal that partition should be the main item on the agenda. The Jews, despite the fact that half the National Home was removed by the separation of Transjordan in 1922, were ready to consider partition in 1937. Once again, they were prepared to discuss it with the Anglo-American Committee. But the majority of the Committee were unwilling to despair of a unitary solution under British Trusteeship; and the American Government also regarded partition as a desperate resort. As a result, the plan never got beyond informal discussion.

With the deterioration of the position, the American Government has now changed its attitude. It has refused to send observers to a Conference whose main item on the agenda is the Morrison Plan, withdrawn its tentative offer of a loan for Arab development and indicated that partition is the only basis on which American financial and technical aid will be forthcoming.

Since partition is acceptable to the Jewish Agency and to the American Government, it is surely worth discovering whether there is any chance of making it palatable to the Arab League. The reasons in favour of this solution have always been very powerful. The Peel Commission's Report is accepted even by the Colonial Office as a classic analysis of the Palestinian problem. But the Colonial Office conveniently forgets that this classic analysis led with irrefutable logic to one conclusion. The Report stated that the Mandate had become unworkable and that the only way of terminating it which avoided a major act of injustice, either to Arabs or to Jews, was partition.

What led the Royal Commission to this "counsel of despair" was its realisation that no British Administration in the Middle East would carry out the terms of a Mandate which instructed it to regard as its primary task "the facilitation of Jewish immigration and close settlement on the land," and only made a secondary proviso that the rights of other communities must be safeguarded. British interests in the Middle East made it inevitable that the Colonial Office would violate the Mandate by attempting to act as an "impartial arbiter" between Jews and Arabs and to "protect" the Arabs against the well-organised Jewish colonists. In the second place, the mandatory system as such was wholly unsuitable as a method of governing two completely adult communities, particularly in an area where other Arab peoples, a great deal more backward than the Palestinians, had achieved independence. By keeping Jews and Arabs under colonial rule, the Mandate stimulated irresponsibility, extremism, and therefore conflict. On the Jewish side, it led to the creation under the Jewish Agency, of an *imperium in imperio*, a self-governing Jewish community, frustrated by and frustrating the British officials. On the Arab side, where the exiguous social services remained in the hands of the Administration, it provided protection for the rich against the poor and fostered the social and political irresponsibility of a small and reactionary ruling class.

What changes have occurred since the Peel Report? The imposition of the White Paper policy transformed the Jews from a law-abiding and peaceful community under inadequate British protection, into a fanatical Resistance Movement, controlling more powerful armed forces than any Arab State possesses. On the Arab side, nothing has been done to reduce the discrepancy between the Jewish and the Arab standard of living, to induce the rich Arabs to accept social responsibility—even to the extent of paying taxes—or to create, as was hoped, a moderate group of politicians, friendly to British rule. On the contrary, in the crisis of 1941, when Palestine was threatened by German invasion, the Arabs remained completely indifferent, and the British had to rely entirely on the Jews, not only for the development of wartime industry, essential to the armies, but for the provision of a Home Guard and of the volunteers for a Maquis in the event of a German victory. The war demonstrated that if Palestine is to be a British military base, then a solution must be found which is at least acceptable to the Jews.

Everything, therefore, which has happened since 1937, only strengthens the Royal Commission's argument in favour of partition. Moreover, Transjordan, an undeveloped area with some 300,000 impoverished inhabitants, has this year achieved independence. Thus, whereas the Peel plan had to envisage a Jewish and an Arab State, each big enough to survive economically, now a plan would be workable which created a Jewish Commonwealth, and enabled the Arab portion of Palestine to join up with Transjordan.

Partition always has been a "Jewish solution" in the sense that it rejects on principle the Arab claim that no Jews have any right to be in Palestine. A sound partition plan therefore must create a Jewish Commonwealth big enough to survive, but excluding wholly-Arab areas, thus preventing the Jewish penetration which Arabs fear. If the boundaries are drawn too narrowly, the solution cannot be final, and within a short time, as the Arabs realise, the Jews will be claiming a revision. The Jewish Commonwealth therefore must be given the desert areas of the Negeb, thus permitting Jewish expansion in the half of Palestine at present populated by a few Nomads.

Such a plan has as many advantages outside as inside Palestine. By giving the Jews their own State, with its own flag and its Uno representation, it would do much to heal that "Jewish separateness" which is the main cause of anti-Semitism. By making Jews control the flow of Jewish immigration, it would explode the myth, fostered by irresponsible Zionist propaganda, that Palestine is *the* solution of their problem. As long as the British control immigration, the Jews will believe this myth. But if Ben Gurian has to restrict immigration, the Jews of the world will be much more inclined to settle down where they are, once the homeless Jews of Eastern Europe have been brought to Palestine.

The main objection to partition is, of course, that any area, big enough to form a viable Jewish State, will at first include as many, if not more, Arabs, as Jews. It would be futile to deny the injustice which this entails. But the choice in Palestine is between a greater and a lesser injustice; and the injustice to those Arabs in the Jewish State is far less than the injustice — to both Jews and Arabs—of indefinitely continuing the present intolerable police state. Moreover, if left to fend for themselves, as a tiny corner of an exclusively Arab world, the Jews would be bound in their own self interest to treat their Arab minority generously and to reach an understanding with their Arab neighbours. Whereas the Mandate stimulates conflict, partition creates conditions in which Jews and Arabs are compelled to negotiate, and might well lead to the formation of a Greater Syrian Federation, in which the Jews will no longer be regarded as the spearhead of British imperialism, but as fellow-members of a single Middle Eastern community.

It will be objected that partition will have to be imposed and will involve risks. But the Morrison Plan will also have to be imposed and settles nothing. In recent weeks one of the most deplorable developments has been the moral collapse of the Palestine Administration. It has abdicated to General Barker and sought protection behind his barbed wire. Any solution which seeks to restore its broken authority is doomed to failure. By imposing "Peel plus the Negeb," the Government could redeem its failures of this summer, fulfil its solemn pledges to the Jews and break the Egyptian deadlock which is endangering its relations with the Arab League.

R. H. S. Crossman

A LONDON DIARY

The bulky Report of the Royal Commission on Russian espionage in Canada, is as interesting as any detective story. It leaves no doubt that the USSR had an elaborate secret service organisation at work in Canada, which succeeded in obtaining, mostly from Canadians who were not Communists, secret information about atomic research. Of course, like all spy systems, it also transmitted a great deal which could have been had for the asking or found in books of reference. There is little real occasion for surprise in such revelations. All countries have their espionage systems overseas, and the USSR is by no means exceptional in using the diplomatic cover of its Embassy. The Soviet Ambassador in Canada (who is now Ambassador in London), is exonerated from any connection with the two or three separate Russian spy systems: the work was carried on behind steel doors on a floor in the Embassy to which the Russian Ambassador was not himself admitted. The Canadian authorities are somewhat naively surprised at the success of the Russians in gaining willing co-operation from respectable Canadian scientists and experts. They would have understood if money had been the motive, since most spies work for money. But these scientists (who sometimes took a little money), were prepared to work for the USSR for ideological reasons, and this upsets the authorities very much indeed. Even now national governments have not understood how deeply the nationalist monopoly of atomic research outrages scientists with an international mind. Some may have argued that it would be better for the world if Russia knew about atomic energy, since the Americans would presumably be less likely to start dropping atomic bombs if they knew that New York and Chicago might also be atomised. Whether the Canadians who gave the information went into such arguments I do not know; presumably some of them were just angry that their moral code should be so grievously betrayed by the Western Allies, and they acted from a belief that scientific knowledge should be spread in Russia as well as in America. In any case the lesson is clear—that in a war with Russia many liberals as well as Communists would be, if not "fifth columnists," at least very much divided in their loyalty.

* * *

Obviously there is no way out of the tangle except through international control, and here one comes up against the greatest puzzle of Soviet behaviour. The Baruch proposals for control of atomic energy were open to serious criticism. The Russians might fairly argue that there was no guarantee that the American Government really meant to part with its secrets. And they could have very pertinently raised the question whether, if the USSR agreed to inspection, the United States would really do the same thing, and let Soviet experts inspect American factories and be prepared to scrap her atomic bombs by order of Uno. But, if she had accepted the proposals as a basis for discussion, Russia could effectively have argued these points. Her actual reply that they infringed "national sovereignty" was a devastating blow to everyone who fears a new arms race and another war. Professor Blackett, in *The Atom and the Charter* (a pamphlet published by the Fabian Society), defends Russia by urging that the veto power which the Americans want to abolish is only a recognition of realities. That certainly is a case which the Russians could have effectively argued. But that they should turn down any possible basis of agreement on atomic energy is difficult to explain or defend.

* * *

The resignation of five members of the B.B.C. staff is not any kind of demonstration against some new scandal in Langham Place; it is merely a sad proof that an ancient and perennial scandal still exists. Christopher Salmon has long been one of the very few imaginative and intelligent broadcasting producers; he has been responsible for features that have lifted British broadcasting out of the rut of uninspired prudence. He has accepted an academic post because the B.B.C. cannot use his services; it does not trust anyone with ideas. In the same way Denis Bryson, young and enthusiastic, finds that to suggest any fresh idea for the Talks side of the B.B.C. means to wait for six weeks for a decision and then to have it returned unrecognisably mangled by people with much less knowledge than himself of the kind of thing that is worth while and interesting to the discerning listener. So he goes to seek his fortunes elsewhere. Ian Cox is another sad case of genuine loss to the public. All of which goes once again to show that bureaucracy can stifle things of the mind, and that though broadcasting is better in public than in commercial hands, a public corporation needs competition to keep it alive just as much as private enterprise. There should have been another Corporation, perhaps less officially tied, crying out for the services of Christopher Salmon and Denis Bryson and Ian Cox.

* * *

A cultured Italian woman who is working for Unrra, writes as follows to an English friend. (I quote verbatim, omitting names and places):

> . . . and in Sicily I had some strange experiences: I found the English and American personnel of Unrra down there unpleasantly Fascist-minded and also disgustingly despising of Italians. The medical officer who had requested my visit (I had to help over malaria problems) is an old Englishman—the colonial type—who thought he was making our trip through—more interesting by relating what he believed to be amusing experiences he had with the "natives"—he was very proud of the fact that every now and then he actually kicks them around ("and I mean I really use my foot")—until I told him flatly that I was not entertained as I, too, was a native—then he became very paternal and nice, and, of course, said that I do not "seem a native"—as if this should flatter me! When we were going to spend the night, he casually ordered a double bedroom at the hotel. I tried to pass it off as a misunderstanding due to his faulty Italian, but he had the cheek to ask me the morning after why I had changed the rooms he had ordered. As if this were not enough another Englishman was quite as forthright in his approach and an American even worse. I returned to —— absolutely disgusted. The same medical officer repeatedly assured me that what Italy needs is another Duce—actual words! His opinion was shared by most of the staff in —— and they all insisted that Italy was 100 per cent. Fascist until it seemed wiser to change attitude when it became evident that Germany would be defeated. They added that the partisan movement was practically a myth encouraged by the Allies for political reasons, that Fascism had been a great benefit to Italy and Mussolini a very great man . . ."

* * *

Last week the following observation appeared in the *Evening Standard*:

> . . . the whole English cricket-loving public, which, so far as Test matches at any rate are concerned, includes almost every man and literate male child, and the more responsibly minded women as well.

After this, those who follow the press with care were not surprised to find on the back page of the *Daily Express* of September 6th a letter from a convenient lady who wrote asking the Sports Editor why he did not cater more for women readers on the sports page. "We are just as interested in most sports as our menfolk and know just as much about them—if not more." She explains that she nearly scored a dividend from her first pools effort of the season. "I only 'flutter' modestly, but I'll get a prize one day and then I'll buy . . ."

The explanation? Simple, comparatively innocent, but quite instructive. For some years before the war the big circulation dailies ran a furious competition for the woman reader. Hence the woman's page, the "free gifts" stunt and all the rest of it. There was one disappointing feature. Sport, which in Northcliffe's day came about fourth in the order of news-value (after war, sex and crime) dropped to the seventh place because women, the great new reader-market and advertisement-eaters, were not, for the most part, interested in sport. Hence the beginning of a campaign to persuade advertisers that "responsibly minded women" have become sports-fans.

* * *

Amongst those who were killed in the air accident near Paris last week were two good friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Binford Hole. Hole was a solicitor who first became politically interested after Hitler's seizure of power. He was for many years on the executive of the Haldane Society and the National Council for Civil Liberties, and he worked with the greatest pertinacity for people who would otherwise have suffered injustices through lack of money or influential friends. I recall particularly Hole's help in the case of the six Chinese who were handed over at Tientsin to Japan, and in the defence of the master of the S.S. *Stancroft* at Gibraltar during the Spanish War. He was a great standby in all cases affecting refugees. His tragic death is deplorable alike on public and on personal grounds.

* * *

It will be remembered that when Mr. Strachey introduced bread rationing, he said it was a precaution in case of harvest failures due to bad weather, or against the U.S. being unable to send what she promised. The vast maritime strike in America and the continuous downpour in this country have completely vindicated Mr. Strachey's prudence. Not since 1846, when a wet July forced Sir Robert Peel's hand and "rained away the Corn Laws," has the British weather so obviously affected the reputation of a politician.

Critic

VESTRIED INTERESTS

(After Robert Browning)

So far as the fortune of battle is known,
Who leads in the Browning Centenary fray?—
The Parish Church of St. Marylebone
Or the Chapel not far away?

There's many a missile for who can hurl,
When a shrine is voted as right and meek,
Where the poet wedded the eldest girl
Of the Barretts of Wimpole Street.

Bride and bridegroom, sectarians both,
Add, unawares, to the church's fame,
But the Brownings' chapel shakes off its sloth
And enters a counterclaim.

Nonconformists the issue join,
The Chapel holds that the Church presumes,
It spurns the taunt of the ungirt loin
By the Church with its borrowed plumes.

The conflict rages in porch and aisle
And who can tell where it's going to stop,
As it swings from architectural style
To Anglican closed shop?

A shrine's an outrage on classic taste,
Dissenters' tablets the 'scutcheon smirch—
Is it money's worth, or money's waste?
Should heretics squat in church?

Let the Georgian Group and the sects dispute,
If the Church can pardon the doctrine's flaw
What case has the Browning Institute?
Possession's nine points of law.

The church has kidnapped the lyric pair,
The Nonconformists have raised a dust—
But, anyhow, does it matter where
The statue achieved the bust?

Well, fight's a fight in these piping days,
And no centenary comes amiss;
But, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,
What would you have done with this?

Sagittarius

THE SQUATTERS MOVE IN

[By a Correspondent]

By Monday morning, the Kensington squatters were well established. They had elected an emergency committee to represent them in negotiations with the Government and the local Council, and had begun to move in furniture and put their new homes in order. When I arrived at Duchess of Bedford House, a United Dairies van was supplying milk, while groups of women, carrying their bedding and their babies, posed for cameramen. Upstairs, in a flat which served as a central office for the squatters, a queue of people waited to put their names down for rooms in any further buildings that might be taken over. Attracted by press publicity, they had come from all parts of London, hoping that it was true that the Communists were planning to find homes for thousands more who have no place to live.

The stories these people had to tell are perhaps the best comment on the desperate housing situation in London which drove hundreds of families to march through Sunday's downpour in a neatly executed operation to take over an empty block of expensive flats and some large neighbouring houses. One family, four adults and two children, had been living in one room. The couple across the landing, with a second child expected, had been given notice from their lodgings: the landlady would not tolerate another child. A young woman, with her husband in India, had been told to store her furniture and go to an institution if she was unable to find an alternative home. On Monday, she was begging to be found even one room where she could live until her husband returned.

The families who were installed on Sunday were still living under fairly primitive conditions. There were no cooking facilities—they had to go to local cafes or the British Restaurant to eat—but they were confident that their committee would soon secure heat and lighting for them. Some were already surveying the flats to see what repairs they could do to put them in really habitable condition. Having been occupied by Gibraltar refugees and building workers during the war, the flats will naturally need an overhaul before they are brought up to the standard which enabled their owners, before requisitioning, to charge ten guineas a week rental.

The squatters, a mere handful of whom are themselves Communists, were brought together by local Communist branches who displayed advertisements for unfurnished flats. Those who answered were given the option of joining Sunday's operation. Few refused. With Communist helpers, they were moved to a Kensington rendezvous, and thence into the flats. On Sunday evening, they were asked to elect representatives for the committee from each block, one vote per family. It was this committee which had undertaken all negotiations, and had appealed to Whitehall and the local Council to requisition the blocks. The Council had previously decided that the flats were "unsuitable" for requisitioning to meet working-class housing needs.

The squatters, though relying on the London Communist organisation for their lead, had been quick to realise the need for co-operation and discipline. They had no pangs about the morality of their action. "We wanted homes: these flats were empty. It's as simple as that to us," one woman said to me. "Nobody can blame us. If they do, they ought to put up with what we've been going through in the last year, two of us and a kiddie in one room without a bathroom or a kitchen and all the places like this empty. I've been up to my Council every week but they kept on saying they couldn't do anything."

Talking to these people, I realised how difficult it is for the man who is really in the street for lack of a house to understand the workings of government. Why should he be permitted to squat in an army camp but threatened with eviction if he occupies a block of empty flats? There is, of course, a vital difference. A disused army camp is not housing accommodation and would be occupied by no one if the squatters were not there. Duchess of Bedford House is a block of flats which was going to be turned back for commercial letting. To tolerate the squatters would be to accept the principle that empty flats will in future be allocated by direct action.

The fact that the Communists organised the show is, or should be, irrelevant. Some London Councils, for instance Chelsea, have prevented this sort of incident by quickly requisitioning empty property and using it for housing. But Kensington is determined to maintain its position and can, not unreasonably, argue that the middle-classes also have their housing problem. All this means that there are sound enough reasons for the Government's decision to apply for eviction orders; and I am afraid that the Kensington squatters, many of whom gave up their rooms before they moved in, will find soon themselves on the street. But this will create bitterness and solve nothing. Direct action is going to recur unless the Government can convince public opinion that housing accommodation is not being left vacant owing to Departmental red tape or the reluctance of local authorities to use their requisitioning powers to the full.

CONDITIONS IN IRAQ

[This article is written by Mohammad Hadid, vice-chairman of the National Democratic Party in Iraq. Mr. Hadid is an editor of "Sawt Al-Ahali"]

Serious political developments have recently been taking place in Iraq. A clash has started between the Umari Government and all the liberal and progressive political parties. In the last few weeks, indeed, Kamel Beg Al-Chadirchi, ex-Minister, chairman of the National Democratic Party, and responsible director of its paper, *Sawt Al-Ahali*, was prosecuted for the publication of three articles commenting upon the action of the local administrative and police officials in Kirkuk when they fired at a peaceful meeting of the workers of the Iraq Petroleum Company who were then on strike in support of their claims to an increase of their wages and an improvement of their working conditions. Six workers were killed, and twenty-eight were wounded in that incident. A few days before, the police fired at a peaceful demonstration in Baghdad in order to disperse it without attempting other means. One young student was killed and several were wounded. All the political parties asked for an investigation of these incidents, which are not isolated events but are part of the policy of the present Government of Arshad Al Umari.

After the end of the Mandate over Iraq in 1932, the guise of parliamentary democracy with a formal Opposition, established under the Constitution of 1925, was continued until the totalitarian system of government started to spread in Europe. Then, though the Constitution was formally retained, it went into cold storage. Parties were dissolved and trade unions suppressed. Totalitarian Government favoured the ruling class in Iraq, composed of some effendis of the previous Ottoman regime who had acquired estates and allied themselves with feudal tribal chiefs and town property owners.

During the last war, security laws and regulations limited political activities, but at the same time a great political consciousness was aroused, particularly among young men, by the stream of declarations from the Allied countries about the better life which was to come if democratic forces were to win the war.

Great hopes were pinned on the victory of democracy in the war and on the victory of the Labour Party in the British elections which followed. But no move was made by the Government of Hamdi Al-Pachachi, which was then in office, towards the grant of democratic freedoms. Frustration and disappointment were growing among the public when the Regent, Prince Abdul Ilah, took the unprecedented step of delivering to a meeting of Deputies and Senators on December 27th of last year an address in which he attributed the unfortunate *coups d'état* of the past to the absence of parliamentary government. He called for the formation of political parties and promised full freedom for their activities in order that a government might be elected to undertake economic reforms and realise social justice. It was not mere coincidence that this address was delivered at the time of the Azerbaijan Revolt in Iran. A great many people thought it was a palliative to relieve rising discontent in Iraq. This suspicion was confirmed. The Pachachi Government continued in office; all the security regulations, the censorship, the ban on formation of political parties and other restrictions on political activities, remained in force nine months after the end of hostilities.

The Pachachi Government resigned on January 30th of this year. After a Cabinet crisis lasting twenty-five days, Tawfic Al-Suweidi formed a Government which soon abolished all the wartime security regulations and restrictions, allowed the formation of political parties, and observed the freedom of the press.

Five parties were formed. To the Right is the "Independence Party," many of whose prominent members were detained during the war for their pro-Nazi sympathies. The "Liberal Party," composed of supporters of the Suweidi Government, is considered a centre party. The "National Democratic Party," led by Kamel Al-Chadirchi and his colleagues of the "Ahali Group" is considered Left of centre. Further to the Left is the "National Union Party," and still further is the "People's Party." The application of some Communists to form a "National Liberation Party" was not granted.

The programmes of the three Left parties are all based on democratic principles. They acknowledge private property and initiative and call only for the distribution of State lands without nationalisation of existing estates. They advocate planning by the State for economic developments and all agree on calling for the evacuation of foreign forces from Iraq and the solution of the Palestine problem by establishing an independent Arab State. The difference between them lies in their political tactics and methods of achieving their aims.

The formation of three progressive parties, with their progressive daily newspapers all carrying a campaign for the true application of the Iraq Constitution and for free elections and representative government, alarmed the reactionary elements and frightened vested interests. They did not dare, however, to oppose these claims because they were supported by the great majority of the public. They therefore began to intrigue against the Suweidi Government, and on May 30th, the present Government was quickly formed of some political nonentities headed by Arshad Al-Umari, at present a Senator, but for a long time Mayor of Baghdad, who is known for his erratic and unbalanced personality.

The Prime Minister declared upon taking office that his Government was "neutral and transitional." Its sole purpose was dissolving Parliament and making new and free elections.

But it soon appeared that the Prime Minister was waiting for a pretext to start his terrorist campaign against progressive parties and papers. He began to warn or suspend independent papers for the flimsiest reasons. In the first month of his Government the press department issued six warnings to newspapers and suspended six journals.

The latest crisis started after the firing incidents at Baghdad and Kirkuk which resulted in several casualties of dead and wounded. Outraged by these incidents, the political parties bitterly attacked the Government.

At such criticism the Government became impatient, and began to harden its opposition to the political parties, particularly to those of the Left. Many members of those parties were arrested, some of whom were later released when no adequate reasons were advanced for their arrest. No permits have been issued for the formation of local parties in the provinces. Every kind of obstruction is being placed in the way of parties to prevent them from performing their constitutional duties.

When the Regent returned from his visit to England about the end of last month, he gave interviews to deputations from every party. They submitted to him memoranda upon the unsatisfactory conduct of the Government, while the National Democratic Party openly asked for resignation of the Cabinet.

But these attempts to put an end to the undemocratic conduct of the Government were of no avail. Instead, the Government intensified the persecution of the leaders of the progressive parties. Hence the trial and sentence of imprisonment of Kamel Beg Al-Chadirchi, leader of the National Democratic Party and the suspension of his newspaper *Sawt Al-Ahali*. This was followed by the trial and sentence of imprisonment on four members of the National Union Party and the suspension of its paper *Al-Siyassa*. A trial is pending for the leader of that party, as well as for Mr. Aziz Sharif, leader of the People's Party.

In direct contravention of the democratic constitution of the Iraqi State, the Government is manipulating the administration of justice, transferring judges who are known to be of independent views from the courts in which these political cases are tried, and installing in their place judges who are liable to pressure from above. The trial of Kamel Al-Chadirchi was actually delayed for a fortnight until such transfers of judges were made.

This persecution is continuing with all the spying and the terror it entails. Arrests are made for no justifiable reason, expression of public opinion is suppressed, messages of foreign agencies are stopped, unofficial censorship of letters is imposed and all constitutional methods have been barred to political parties.

The "neutral" Government, which was to make the transition to democratic rule, has become despotic and oppressive. In order to prolong its life, Parliament was not dissolved.

Such a situation is pregnant with danger. Oppression and persecution will only isolate again the moderates, and will encourage extremists who call for violent and unconstitutional methods. The obstinate opposition of the ruling class to any democratic reforms that will transfer political power to the people or encroach, however slightly, upon privilege, will make the people despair of parliamentary democracy as a means for fulfilling their aspirations and will certainly lead them elsewhere.

What is the position of Britain in all this? Though Iraq became nominally independent in 1932, Britain retained great influence in the country by virtue of the Treaty of Alliance which replaced the Mandate. This influence increased substantially during the war. In fact, the general opinion is that Britain has something to do with every major event in Iraq. If the country has remained backward, or if its general standard of life is terribly low, or if things are going wrong, the most accepted reason among the public is that British policy positively wants it to be so, or else, that British support of the present regime has negatively prevented matters from being otherwise. In the present situation, the British are believed to support the reactionary ruling class against progressive reforms. It is even widely rumoured that the oppression and persecution which are going on at present started on British initiative. The parallel action of all Arab Governments in this respect does not escape notice and is connected with a general policy inspired by the British Government aiming at limiting mass opposition to its Palestine policy as well as at preventing the spread of Soviet influence.

The longer the unsatisfactory political and economic conditions remain, and the further the desired and urgent reforms are delayed, the more unpopular will Britain be and the more awkward its position in this part of the world.

M, H. HADID

A NEW PLAY

AT the Lyric, Hammersmith, the Company of Four in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain (wise Council) presented *The Eagle has Two Heads*, by Jean Cocteau, and adapted by Ronald Duncan. I should like very much to see it again, and lovers of good acting should go at once. There was, by the way, a whiff of grand music which mingled for a few moments with a dramatic situation. It was a National Anthem by Benjamin Britten.

The Eagle has Two Heads struck me as more like a Renaissance tragedy than any other modern drama I know. It would have been much to the taste of Webster's audiences. There was in it that extravagance of situation, that romance of royal prestige, that death-worship and that under-current of heartless intrigue they loved so much. Verbal magic was lacking (perhaps there is more of it in the French text); and yet Mr. Ronald Duncan's adaptation of the text in the passionate tirades and in the dialogue of the strange pair of lovers—one a Queen, the other her would-be assassin—had something which passed very well for poetry.

I watched with curiosity to see how a modern audience was taking it, who had not assembled screwed up, so to speak, to respond to, say, *The Duchess of Malfi*. During the first act I sensed they suspected that they were in Ruritania (a somewhat predated Ruritania), and watching the opening of a romantic melodrama in the manner of Anthony Hope; some lurid romance suggested, perhaps, by the career of the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, who built fantastic castles, adored the stage, and hid himself from his people; who was worshipped by many of them and was an embarrassment to his ministers and his country's finances. (Mad Ludwig was, I think, indeed the begetter of M. Cocteau's "Queen.") Well, the audience at the Lyric, Hammersmith, were resigning themselves to enjoying the spectacle of a bemedalled duke and a lady of quality preparing supper for the Queen in her sombre candle-lit bedroom—a supper laid for two; of a Queen, who since the assassination of her Consort, has veiled her face in public, who now entertains his ghost (invisible, and the creation of her fancy), beside the fire. I say resigned themselves, for all this does not seem—well, very sophisticated entertainment. But there is comfort in the fact that Miss Eileen Herlie is acting splendidly. With the exception of the dialogue between the duke and Lady-in-waiting before the Queen enters, the whole of the first act is spoken by her. Yes, by her alone, even after a torn and bleeding peasant climbs in at her window (he resembles strangely the dead King) amid flashes of lightning and peals of thunder—her would-be assassin. For he will not speak a word. Mr. James Donald acted well this dumb, staggering youth, who is a poet as well as revolutionary. She hides and saves him, for she wants to die—not by her own hand though she has poison in a locket round her neck, but heroically.

Such is the first act; and it left us in enough suspense to look forward to the second, but not with anticipations of the rare excitements and intensities which were actually to come. And here as a reporter I am going to fail the reader. Even if I had sufficient space, I rather doubt if I could unravel accurately the emotional pattern of this tragedy. But writing as a critic, the important point to emphasise is this: everything that from now onwards happens between the Queen and the peasant-poet is planned as in Renaissance Drama, to exhibit a maximum of passion. Psychological plausibility is not so completely disregarded with that end, as it would have been by a Ford or Webster, but psychological plausibility is not, as in Modern Drama, an end in itself: "the play's the thing." Act II: the poet-assassin no longer wants to kill the Queen whom he had regarded as the evil source of her subjects' sufferings; but she still wants to face her romantic fate; and since she loves him it is sweet to her that they should die—both of them. In Act III (the best) there is a wonderful emotional rock-over—a double one. In Act II Stanislas the peasant-poet opens his lips for the first time and the Queen is magnificently eloquent about herself, her sorrows and her "destiny." He remains sullen, but we see that he has begun to think of her as a woman and a human being, not as a mere symbol of abominable tyranny. She tempts him to shoot her; he cannot. We begin to guess that they may be in love with each other. In order that he may understand something of the difficulties and dangers which surround her, she conceals him so that he can overhear her interview with Baron Foehn, the Prime Minister. (Mr. Noel Willman plays this part with perfect discretion.) Stanislas learns that if she does not show herself and reign as queen she will be deposed as mad. He realises that she is surrounded by political intrigue. This leads up to the clarifying of their relations. Stanislas knows that he loves her, and he persuades her to ride unveiled into her capital and win the hearts of her people. He will remain behind to die as her would-be assassin. This will frustrate the intrigue of Foehn. But there is still one more stage in this process of clarification before the beautiful love-scene between them. Stanislas tells her that the reason he could not speak a word to her was that she treated him not as a man and fellow human, but as an "idea" in her egotistic dream—the drama of her own tragic destiny. He was to her what she had been to him when he planned to kill her—an unreal idea. She understands and their hearts are opened. It is, however, not in the Queen's nature to surrender a real lover now that she has found him, and she plans not only to ride into her capital with an escort of cavalry, but to arrest the baron and reign herself alone. She will save Stanislas and keep him. Then comes the second step towards the end. The Baron in an interview with Stanislas shows him that a Queen with a peasant lover will not be tolerated, and without consulting her Stanislas takes the poison in her locket (off-scene). It is a gradual poison, and the fact is announced by the black deaf-mute who waits upon her. (This impassive figure talking on his fingers adds on several occasions to the dramatic intensity; he is effectively played by Mr. Uriel Porter.)

When the Queen hears what Stanislas has done, and he staggers in, we are very near the end of the tragedy. To his horror and his amazement, she lashes him with contempt, tells him what a fool he was to suppose she, a Queen, could love him, and that *her* love had been mockery and pretence. The dying man is goaded into shooting her—at last. While both are dying she tells him that she had to force him to kill her, for she could not endure life without him. This is a tame analysis of a double reversal which carries the audience away. It is tremendous. It has the intensity of renaissance drama with an addition of modern psychology just plausible enough. And the acting of Miss Eileen Herlie is a triumph of dignity and passion throughout. The play *is* the Queen and the Queen is one of the most remarkable impersonations I have seen for a long time.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE MOVIES

"Zero de Conduite" and "Children on Trial" at the Academy

"Atomic Power," March of Time

The two films at the Academy make a curious contrast. After fifty minutes of Jean Vigo's fantastic vision of a school where the boys run riot against authority, the Crown Film Unit's sympathetic study of juvenile delinquency seems too staid and lacking in virility. Vigo set out to capture the atmosphere of rebellion, to caricature discipline, to portray a school where the pupils obey their impulses rather than their masters. Jack Lee's admirable documentary shows the other side of things, correction and reform in an approved school. But is it the film, or is it the method, which fails to grasp the importance of subjective factors in re-shaping the child's approach to life? We see all the familiar machinery here from the hearty probation officer to hard constructive team-work in the approved school: at the end, both boy and girl delinquent are reclaimed. Yes, the system works, if not as well as the film suggests. But is there a real effort to establish emotional contact with the delinquents, most of whom have had unsatisfactory lives at home and need more than an organised and correctional environment? Perhaps

Vigo's film, which is tense and vivid, makes the size of this problem seem bigger than the official solution.

Technically, too, these films are strikingly different. Vigo's style is confused but rich in imagination. As a complete film, conditioned as we are by the fashions of the commercial cinema, it is episodic and sometimes baffling. I first saw it some years ago: there are scenes which I still cannot claim to understand. Yet there are moments of insight and beauty which would keep the film alive even if it were not one of the only two contributions to the art of the cinema that Vigo had time to make before his early death. *Children on Trial*, on the other hand, is clear and expository. It is an excellent example of British documentary work. Most of the cast are amateurs who do their job with conviction, especially the schoolboys. This film is good, but greater merits escape it because it does not admit even a whisper of doubt against the reformatory system it explains.

The new March of Time claims the atomic bomb as virtually an American discovery. A friend commented—perhaps unfairly—that this film was the U.S. equivalent of the Nazi *Baptism of Fire*, used to soften-up recalcitrant countries. It does, however, parade concern for the potentialities of the weapon apart from giving a simplified account of the scientific principles involved in its construction. I found it a rather slick and insincere attempt to face the issue.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

RADIO NOTES

THE triviality, the commonness, the poverty and idleness of mind, in short the inanity, of such plays as *The Liars*, broadcast last Saturday, is worth a note, since this play was such a resounding success some fifty years ago. Was the success merely box office, or were there critics to speak well of it? Jones was never a playwright of intellectual repute, but it would be interesting to know if *The Liars* received any serious attention. If it did (and it would be easy to find out from contemporary criticism) the gulf in dramatic taste between then and now goes as deep as the social gulf indicated by the grave warning addressed to the heroine contemplating adultery: "Every one will cut you." The theme of *The Liars* is no sillier and duller than those of many Restoration plays, but it is unredeemed by their elegance and wit. Apart from its function as an exhibit (and what an exhibit it would make of bourgeois culture for Soviet propaganda) its performance was a waste of microphone time. Its cast was a large and confusing medley of characters beneath acting. I am not much for plays about primitive mythology, but James Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel* at least had imagination. Most plays suffer intolerably from the mutilation entailed by this blinded medium; it is natural, but regrettable, that producers should try so often to smother them with music, the one unquestionable radio art. Perhaps Cocteau's *Azrael*, with its torrents of resounding eloquence, might be rewarding. Or perhaps not.

Good talks are, of course, safer radio bets than plays; credit should go to the B.B.C. for its admirable commentaries on current affairs, and, indeed, for its News. The morning after particularly exciting discussions both at the Paris Conference and the Security Council (M. Vishynski had been abusing Signor Bonomi and taunting the Italians with cowardice) I searched one of the two daily papers I take for any allusion to the Conference; there was no word. The centre page seemed to be mainly occupied with an actress who had broken her mirror (complete with photograph.) The B.B.C., on the other hand, gave a good though brief account of the discussions in both capital cities; though the News is far from perfect, and is much too apt to include limited sectional interests (games, prize-fights, etc.) at least it avoids most of the popular inanities of the press.

A nicely malicious programme exhibiting the inefficiency of the London telephone service was "Sorry you've been troubled." Nothing went without a hitch; operators chattered, calls, after long waiting, failed to connect, communication proved impossible; all went, in fact, just like life. I observe that some radio critics have taken the hitches in this programme as B.B.C. accidents; but surely they were intended. The same technique might be applied to show up other public services.

It is much to be hoped that some of the present Covent Garden opera performances may be broadcast. The San Carlo company are not first class, but they are lively, agreeable, entertaining, and tremendously Italian; and now that we have Italian opera again in its London home, more people should have the chance of being delighted by it than those who can get into the Opera House. One understands that the question is under discussion.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Sunday, September 15th.* Concert (3 p.m.); "Capulet" (4 p.m.); Gloucestershire (7 p.m.).

Monday. The Plough and the Stars (9.15 p.m.); Schubert Quartet (11.25 p.m.).

Tuesday. Nurse Dugdale has a Clue (L.P. 10.30 p.m.); This Correspondence Must Now Cease (10.45 p.m.).

Wednesday. Knowledge Knows No Frontiers (Ritchie Calder, L.P. 10.40 a.m.); Book Talk (William Plomer, 6.20 p.m.); Mystery Playhouse (L.P. 9 p.m.).

Thursday. Itma (8.30 p.m.).

Friday. George Bernard Shaw (J. S. Collis, L.P. 10 a.m.); Enter Caesar (Louis MacNeice, 9.30 p.m.).

J. V. STE-MAXIME

SOME RECENT PICTURES

"MY work and my life" in that order "have led me round to becoming a fanatical realist," writes Mr. Sven Berlin, in a pamphlet on sale in his exhibition premises at the Lefevre Gallery. The pamphlet is printed on arty paper and headed by a quotation from *Hassan*. If he must choose a quotation to describe his pictures, why not from the *Waste Land?* "Never! No, never!" Mr. Berlin shouts in protest. "This is the LIVE land! We are Magicians," with a capital M. But what is Flecker to him or he to Flecker that he should invoke that angry or that glimmering sea? No waves break on his shores, no shadows fall gigantic on his sands. His is the desiccated world of the Cornish coast, moulded by Alfred Wallis and Ben Nicholson, modified by contact with cave drawings, Rouault, Klee; not a land of living creatures taking refuge from the rain but a dry land in a dry season, a land of fish and cats which have been dead so long that nothing of them remains but skeletons embedded in the rocks, carcases half-covered by sand. Though there is a streak of pretentiousness in his painting as in his writing, Mr. Berlin's *objets trouvés* are strangely fascinating in texture and colour, plastered on to rough board so thickly and with such vigorous scratches and indentations that some are really bas-reliefs and not paintings at all, with the appearance at first sight of actual fossils, more appropriate to show cases in a Natural History Museum than to the walls of an Art Gallery.

To move out of this room into the adjoining rooms hung with recent paintings by Keith Baynes and Quentin Bell, is to desert the pub for the sun-speckled café, Bass for *vin ordinaire*. The only trouble is that the *vin*, which in 1920 still had some kick in it, seems to be getting more and more *ordinaire* with each successive vintage. What for the parents was an occasion for release of energy has become for the children a respectable refuge. By the elimination of every harsh note, both these painters have found their formulas: Mr. Baynes in the soft pinks and purples of unbombed houses; Mr. Bell in the patterns on tablecloths and curtains, in the high-lights reflected from tumblers, in the exquisite Bloomsbury signature in the corners. Seldom in the history of painting have so many artists contrived to say so little so elegantly as they do to-day.

HENRY CRABBE

POETRY RECITAL

THE second series of poetry recitals at the Lyric, Hammersmith (they are henceforward to be held on the first Sunday of every month) opened in a whirl of popularity by presenting what amounts to a rarity—*Façade* in its original form of "an Entertainment for Speaking Voice and Six Instruments." Under the direction of Mr. Leighton Lucas, operations were conducted behind a John Piper curtain, complete with ringed sun, petalled stars, Victorian butterflies and large scarlet cabbage. Stormy glimpse of Renishawesque vision in left background and, centre-stage, a vast one-eyed stone bust from whose rounded mouth proceeded the sounds of the megaphone. Mr. Constant Lambert's beautifully controlled pointing of the spoken rhythms, his vocal range and the wit of his interpretation make him an even better choice of reader than was Miss Sitwell herself in the recorded version. The dry, decorative brilliance of the lyric patterns is married to closely to the glittering irreverence of the music that not even a ghost of the authoress could slide between. Mr. Lambert polishes off unerringly the romantic nostalgia of *By the Lake* and *Yodelling Song*, the speckless shining syncopation of the *Tango* and the *Trio for Two Cats and a Trombone*, and all the elegant excesses of "The navy-blue ghost of Mr. Belaker, the allegro negro cocktail-shaker" variety.

The climax to the festivities was achieved by the appearance of Miss Sitwell herself, looking as though the unkind memory of *Façade's* first public performance in 1923 (when it seems that neither the Aeolian Hall firemen nor passing postman were satisfied of her sanity) were by now put behind her. The whole evening is to be repeated on Sunday, 22nd September, and should not be missed. The first half of the programme is in the nature of a purgatory, but no ungrateful observations should be made in view of the excellence of what follows; no cross, no crown.

SIRIOL HUGH JONES

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to S. J. W.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

A Capetown manufacturer announces that his wife is expecting their thirtieth baby.

Asked last night what he thought about the modern tendency towards smaller families, he replied, "I think people spend too much time in cinemas."—*Daily Mirror.*

ATOMIC destruction overcome. Save yourself and others. Simple, genuine, and sincere instruction.—*Vegetarian Messenger.*

The snail watchers are interested in snails from all angles. They search literature and art for references. At the moment they are investigating the snail's reaction to music. "We have played to them on the harp in the garden and in the country on the pipe." said Mr. Heaton, "and we have taken them into the house and played to them on the piano."—*Star.*

The Sunday School is small, but then there are very few children in the parish. Can we not try and do better?—*Holsworthy Ruridecanal Magazine.*

Church parade instructions to R.A.F. station commanders are that the parades must be continued on a voluntary basis and that all R.A.F. cadets must attend.—*Evening News.*

The "Jacobites," in fact, are taking part in the preliminary shooting of the Technicolor film of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."... To ensure that no fires of latent anger be kindled in English hearts, Sir Michael Bruce, the historical adviser, has stated that the cruelties committed after Culloden are to be attributed to the German troops which fought under Cumberland.—*Sunday Times.*

PRINTING TRADES' DISPUTE

Deliveries of this journal are subject to delays, up to 24 hours, during the present trade dispute.

Correspondence

OCCUPATION OF JAPAN

SIR,—May I express, through your columns, the hope that we shall hear more from "Occupation Forces Officer" or from some of his colleagues? With all the talk of iron curtains to-day, the only effective one seems to be that which surrounds Japan at present. As was pointed out in a letter to *The Times* yesterday, correspondence with Japanese nationals is still forbidden. With rare exceptions, our national press appears to have nothing to tell us: at least, there is nothing in the nature of day-to-day news.

For example, by careful study of one of our major national dailies over the past week, I have gleaned only one piece of news: that Gen. MacArthur regards "suitable tuition of the future Mikado" as "a matter of the greatest importance," and has been looking for "a teacher who could implant liberal views and democratic training in the young Prince's mind."

"Occupation Forces Officer" is presumably too circumspect to suggest who is responsible for the policies he complains of, though his final remark, that "we are letting slip a great opportunity," appears to me to place the onus on the wrong party. It scarcely lies with us to decide what opportunity shall be let slip or exploited. Even the proposals of the British and Soviet representatives on the Allied Council are dismissed with contempt and hostility.

We were told at one time that we were absolved from moral responsibility for what we were doing in Java, because we were only carrying out the Supreme Commander's orders. I feel not merely that we should disclaim responsibility for the disastrous policy that is being followed in Japan, but that our Government should dissociate itself completely from this policy, even if this means ending the farce of the Allied Council. I do not, of course, refer to the comparatively minor point raised by "Occupation Forces Officer," so much as to the whole policy summed up in the slogan, "I am fighting Communism in Japan," which Gen. MacArthur reiterates in every public utterance he makes. We learned only too well—from Hitler—the meaning of that slogan.

Dulwich, S.E.22. H. V. HANCOCK

HINDU-MOSLEM FEUD

SIR,—Mr. H. N. Brailsford charges the Tory Governments of Great Britain with the responsibility for the Hindu-Moslem feud in India and Mr. Beverley Nichols indignantly refutes the charge. If I attempt to put a spoke in the wheel of this controversy started by two eminent persons it is only to put forward the case of the Indian Moslems, which, I fear, is not too well known in this country.

It is not strictly true to say that the Tory Governments—including that of Mr. Churchill—fanned the flames of communal ill-feeling in India. It is, however, an indisputable fact that they made no efforts to bring the two communities together. There has been an under-current of ill-feeling between the two religious groups for years — and it proved an excellent excuse for the Conservatives to retain India as a part of the British Empire. It was good propaganda to say that they were protecting the Indians from cutting each others' throats. Every reasoning Indian admits that British rule in India—regarded as a business investment—has been a fair and square deal, what infuriates him beyond measure is the smug Tory assertion that the British are in India purely for his benefit.

The attitude of the Moslems in India at present has been severely criticieed by liberal thinkers in this country; but the failings of the Congress do not receive the same publicity. It is undoubtedly true that the Moslem League is financed by wealthy landowners, who are not too keenly interested in the welfare of the man in the street. But what people like Mr. Brailsford forget is that the Congress is backed up wholesale by the industrialists of the northern and western provinces. It is not easy to forget that Nazi Germany was the result of such an illicit liaison between big business and the State. To add to that, there is no denying the fact that during the Congress regime in the provincial Governments from 1937 to 1939 there was a distinct though gradual pushing aside of Moslems from key positions in public life, wherever the Moslems were in a minority.

The average educated Moslem backs the League wholeheartedly because he doubts the wisdom of exchanging an agricultural capitalism for an industrial one; he also remembers that after the first Round Table Conference, Mr. Gandhi declared in as many words that the Moslems were not Indians.

The root of all the trouble lies in the fact that neither the Congress nor the Moslem League is based on the principles of both economic justice and religious tolerance. The Congress may have a solitary giant of liberal principles in Pundit Nehru, but the "party boss," the "iron man" of the party is Sardar Patel, whose ideas of economic justice are hardly different from those of Lord Beaverbrook.

The only solution possible is that, when Indians are left to work out their own salvation, a stage is bound to come when either form of injustice will gall them to an extent that they will rise and cast off the shackles of the existing party grouping. If this can be achieved peacefully, it will be an ideal which every Indian can pray for; if not, it is always possible to console oneself with the reflection that every country has had to wade through blood and tears before the establishment of an equitable regime. CIVIS INDIANUS

FILMS AND THE CHILD MIND

SIR,—Why does Mr. Rose think that it is impossible to prevent children and young persons from going to the cinema? As I left Canada in 1938, I do not know if the regulation is still in force; but for fifteen years prior to that time, children under the age of 16 were absolutely debarred from the cinema in the Province of Quebec. Some of the theatres held an occasional performance especially for their benefit, at which were shown cartoons, travel films, and the more boisterous sort of comedy. The position in Ontario was similar, except that in large centres children's performances were put on each Saturday afternoon; the films being again chosen for their suitability to a youthful audience. These Canadian children did not suffer from any sense of deprivation; they desired to haunt the cinema no more than they desired to haunt the taverns.

I have not read Dr. Burt's book, though it seems curious to distinguish between children who are disposed to anti-social conduct and those who, presumably, are not. To most people who have had dealings with children, it must appear that they all tend to fall into the former category. Their social sense is developed by the influences by which they are surrounded. But in any case, Dr. Burt is apparently concerned with the juvenile delinquent. What of the much larger issue of the effect of the films on child psychology generally? We heard a good deal, some time ago, of the hysterical reactions of American schoolgirls to a popular crooner. Lately I was with some friends when their ten-year-old son returned from a visit to the cinema with his aunt. Asked how he liked the film, he replied, "It was swell. That sort of picture teaches a guy how to make love." Whether such a lesson, and from such a source, is a wholesome one to be learned by a child of ten, I leave it to your readers to decide.

43 Catharine Street, N. E. L. MCCLENAGHAN
Liverpool, 8.

ARE WE BREAKING FAITH?

SIR,—In your number dated August 3rd appeared an article entitled "Are We Breaking Faith?" written by a Canadian officer. May I be allowed to answer some of the charges made against the British authorities in Germany, and particularly in Land Oldenburg?

The writer quotes the case of 24 D.P.s who were removed from the house which they were occupying

Both by Sir CHARLES SHERRINGTON

The Endeavour of
Jean Fernel

A study of the sixteenth-century French physician-philosopher as an innovator in Medicine and a symbol of modern man. "One of those rare books that deserve unqualified praise."
Manchester Guardian
16*s.* net

Man on his Nature

"A true assaying of man's world ... a book everyone with intellectual curiosity ought to read. There are few who have not much to learn from it."—JOSEPH NEEDHAM

Reprint now ready. 21*s.* net

CAMBRIDGE

THREE YEARS WITH
EISENHOWER
by Capt. Harry C. Butcher
Fully Illustrated 21*s. net*

★

September 16th

WELLINGTON
A new and provocative biography of the Iron Duke
by
Richard Aldington
18*s. net*

HEINEMANN

Recommended
by the Book Society

Edith Sitwell

FANFARE
FOR ELIZABETH

This is the story of the childhood of Elizabeth Tudor, spent at the Nursery Palace of Hunsdon while Henry VIII ruled amidst the spying and the terrors and splendours of his court. Miss Sitwell's talent for creating brilliant scenes and her mastery of words make this a memorable picture, not only of Elizabeth and the Court, but of the colourful City of London of that time. *Illustrated.* 12s. 6d.

MACMILLAN
& CO., LTD.

and ordered to return to a D.P. Assembly Centre. The policy was, and is, to have D.P.s together in camps in order (*a*) to simplify feeding arrangements—their ration has been almost equivalent to the British Army ration—(*b*) to facilitate their repatriation, (*c*) to keep them under supervision in order to control their tendency to go on marauding expeditions. It may be pointed out that, until recently, at least 50 per cent. of the work of Public Safety Officers consisted in dealing with D.P. crime. The fact that the owner of the house was a low ranking S.S. man is beside the point, and the charge that D.P.A.C.s are comparable with Belsen is a patent untruth.

The writer goes on to describe a visit he paid to the schools in Oldenburg accompanied by the German Inspector of Schools, and criticises the efforts being made to stamp out Nazi culture. He admits that many of the teachers may have been nominal Nazis, but complains that "neutral" subjects only are being taught. If he had given half an hour of the time he spent going round the schools to a discussion with the Education Control Officer in Oldenburg he would have got a clear picture of what had been done and what the policy for the re-education of the German Youth is. He would also have learnt that over 500 teachers had been dismissed because of their association with the Nazi Party.

"Drain the poison before opening the schools," he says—can he visualise some 120,000 children, aged from 6–18 years, milling about Land Oldenburg with nothing to do but get into mischief and breed a new menace to law and order?

All Nazi textbooks have been scrapped and pulped, and the paper used to make new books. Shortage of paper is acute and suitable textbooks cannot be written, printed and distributed overnight, as the writer should know from his experience in Germany. Better far to have the children off the streets receiving "neutral" education than allow them freedom from all restraint and fill the courts with juvenile delinquents. Moreover, it is contrary to British policy and to commonsense to introduce political propaganda into schools. That was what the Nazis did. Our efforts are directed towards making the schools return to their function of informing and training the child without any political bias—in other words, towards producing through the schools young men and women who can think for themselves and will be capable later of determining their own political future.

Nothing was mentioned of the tremendous strides that have been made in youth movements outside the schools in this land, and the influence they have in moulding German youth to a democratic way of life and offsetting the "neutral" form of school education. Over 600 clubs, with a wide range of activities, have been formed, including sports, dramatic, Bible reading, nature study, choral singing, and a host of others. The membership to date is over 30,000, with hundreds of young people joining every month. This growth is only limited by lack of accommodation, equipment and suitable youth leaders. The last is being filled by youth leaders' courses held in Oldenburg and other parts of the Zone, but with the 50 per cent. increase in population, due to the influx of refugees from the East, accommodation has become an almost insuperable difficulty. Since industry has been shattered the manufacture of equipment has ceased, but considerable help is given by the Occupying Forces in providing quantities of worn materials and in taking an active interest in the clubs themselves.

As far as black market activities are concerned, it is a case of the few blackening the names of the many, and the swift and forceful means taken by the authorities will soon, I am sure, reduce the operations to minor proportions.

Wm. Goodall

B.A.O.R.

SIAM AND RICE

Sir,—It has been generally stated that the rice shortage in Malaya and Singapore is due to the failure of the rice supply from Siam. The following explanations of the rice muddle in Siam were put forward by a Siamese friend of mine to-day.

The rice that has been collected is largely in the hands of Siamese and Chinese black marketeers and middle men, and there is a highly profitable black market trade going on between Siam and China, and also, unofficially, between Siam and Malaya. Due to the fact that the salaries of Siamese officials have nowhere near kept up with the rise in prices brought about by the Japanese regime, corruption is rife and Government control almost impossible.

If the British now "put the squeeze" on the Siamese Government, the Government will have to seize rice from the peasants, which may make paddy seed short next year, and also tend to discourage the peasants from growing so much rice in the future. On the other hand, if the British assist the Siamese Government to institute a thorough blockade of the ports, so that this sampan traffic practically ceases, and if they help the Siamese to break up the black marketeers, then the rice can be taken from the middlemen who hold it now, and next year's crops need not be prejudiced.

John Coast

RUSSIAN ANXIETY

Sir,—Dr. Ernest Jones would presumably not deny the following propositions.

1. In the last thirty years Russia has been invaded three times (Germans 1916-18, Allied intervention 1918-22, Germans 1941-45). America and Britain have not been invaded in living memory.

2. The last German invasion of Russia inflicted such devastation that Russia is hardly in a condition to undertake aggression. America suffered no devastation at all; we, nothing compared with Russia.

3. Responsible Americans have advocated early war on Russia. No Russian has advocated war on America or Britain.

4. The only country which has used the atomic bomb, and so far as we are aware, the only country which knows how to make it, is America.

If these propositions are true, Dr. Jones' remarks on Russian anxiety and Russian aggressiveness, based as they are on experience of the consulting room rather than politics, cease to be important.

Archibald Robertson

PARCELS FOR GERMANY

Sir,—The Government has now given permission for the despatch of parcels of clothes, books and various other commodities to individuals in the British Zone of Germany (excluding Berlin) through "Save Europe Now." These parcels will be delivered by the Evangelische Hilfswerk, a Church Relief Organisation. It is hoped to extend the scheme to cover the other zones of Germany, and Berlin.

Many of your readers may wish to take advantage of these facilities. If so, they should send a stamped addressed envelope for the leaflet giving full details of the scheme to "Save Europe Now," 14 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Parcels must *not* be sent directly, or brought, to this address, as various rules and regulations have to be observed.

Victor Gollancz

TRAINING TEACHERS

Sir,—It would be a pity if R. H.'s letter about emergency training were to leave the impression that ex-Service candidates in general have to wait long periods before being interviewed. Very few men who have been or are about to be demobilised have to wait more than six weeks for an interview after their applications are received by the Ministry, if they are in this country. For those serving abroad, special interviewing panels have been touring the various Army Commands in order that as many candidates as possible should know before demobilisation whether or not they will be accepted under the scheme.

The trouble in R. H.'s case was that his letter announcing his demobilisation seems never to have reached the Ministry. Had it done so, or had he written again before committing himself to another career, an interview would have been arranged within the usual six weeks.

D. H. Leadbetter

Ministry of Education, S.W.1.

An important book for all interested in the

CINEMA

GRIERSON ON DOCUMENTARY

being a collection of the writings of John Grierson on the documentary film, edited by Forsyth Hardy. 92 'stills' are included which trace the development of the documentary film both in this country and abroad. *16s.*

COLLINS

HANDS ACROSS THE WATER

RALPH STRAUS (*Sunday Times*): "Ralph Arnold has never written a livelier or more entertaining story: a whimsical and gently satirical affair founded on an idea which must be new to fiction ..... He deserves our thanks for providing us in holiday time with so shrewd and light-hearted and original a comedy."

Ralph **ARNOLD**

Constable 8/6 *net*

J. Donald Adams

THE WRITER'S RESPONSIBILITY

"The best account of the achievement of American writers in fiction I have read, and ...... the better because Mr. Adams is surprisingly detached in his views." Stephen Spender in the *Sunday Times*

8s. 6d. net

George Orwell

CRITICAL ESSAYS

8s. 6d. net

★

A new edition of SOUTH WIND has just been published. It has been over-subscribed by the booksellers.

SECKER & WARBURG

PP

Aragon, Poet of Resurgent France

Edited by Malcolm Cowley and Hannah Josephson

A selection from Aragon's war-time poetry, translated by Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender, and others, together with fascinating records and documents of his activities in the resistance movement.

Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d. net*

The United Nations' Organisation Handbook

by Andrew Boyd

This book explains in detail the powers and duties of the Security Council and all the other United Nations' bodies.

Demy 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d. net*

PILOT PRESS LTD

BOOKS IN GENERAL

After thirty years George Saintsbury's *Peace of the Augustans* has reappeared as one of the pocketable volumes of the World's Classics. It was designed for "rest and refreshment" in the middle of the first world war. It is one of the most readable of Saintsbury's smaller works, if one can put up with his sometimes exasperating allusiveness and with a certain belligerent tone that defies the reader to contradict his thesis that "there never was a century which did less harm than the 18th in England." The Professor was always ready to rebuke those unnamed persons who insisted upon "rotting" in the sacred service of literature.

Several important books on the 18th century have appeared since 1916—Basil Willey's *The Eighteenth Century Background*, for example, and the volumes, edited by Professor Turberville, on *Johnson's England;* while three chapters in G. M. Trevelyan's best-selling *English Social History* show that he agrees with Saintsbury about the Augustans:

> A society with a mental outlook of its own, self-poised, self-judged, and self-approved, freed from the disturbed passions of the past, and not yet troubled with anxieties about a very different future. . . . The gods mercifully gave mankind this moment of peace between the religious fanaticism of the past and the fanaticisms of class and race that were speedily to arise and dominate time to come.

Can we thus summon a century for judgment, isolating it, chasing its fugitive Time-spirit; summarising "it" as *one*, not as "them"—a procession of millions of human beings changing from decade to decade? Historians have often tried; they are still trying. They personify periods. Saintsbury judged almost entirely by the literary test; but the social historians are more secure. "The ages," William Blake says, "are all equal, but genius is always above its age." It follows that geniuses, who are exceptions and often rebels or pioneers, do not represent their age, unless they immediately and powerfully influence it, as Pope dominated the first half of the 18th century. Many still deny that Pope is a genius. But the point is that, to judge of the predominant spirit of an age, one must study its conformists, its average attainment, its mediocrities.

Nevertheless, it is worth while following Saintsbury in his correction of certain delusions concerning his favourite century and in his mild reproofs of its supposed deficiencies. It was "bumptious," he says, in a word that has become (in his own phrase) "rather obsolete" since 1916. More bumptious—or arrogant—than the mid-Victorian age of self-congratulation and Podsnappery? Surely not. But the Victorians had major prophets—Mill, Ruskin, Carlyle, Arnold, Morris—who denounced the Pharisees of their time. The 18th century, apart from satirists and the pious, had few of these. It had, however, its indefatigable reformers who busily agitated against its special abuses—John Howard, General Oglethorpe, kind Captain Coram, Jonas Hanway, expert in the rescue of bastard children and the introduction of umbrellas.

Next, was the 18th century rationally cheerful, in consequence of its complacency? An aspect of its placidity is pointed by its deep descents into the funereal; as a corrective, there is its taste for tombs, its subterranean school of mortuary poets; Young, with the hollow reverberation of his *Night Thoughts*, Blair, with his *Grave* (illustrated, later, by Blake); a fashion of mortification introduced by that far from despicable poet, Parnell:

> By the blue Tapers trembling light
> No more I waste the wakeful Night,
> Intent with endless view to pore
> The schoolmen and the sages o'er;
> Their books from wisdom widely stray,
> Or point at best the longest way.
> I'll seek a readier path, and go
> Where Wisdom's surely taught *below*.

The italics are the poet's own.

Then, what writer of the mid-century was more admired than the dismal James Harvey, of those tin-flowered *Meditations Amongst the Tombs*, in which grin horribly (but absurdly) ghostly skulls in place of a young lady's "sweet and winning aspect" and "attractive smile"? These poems and mournful meditations are not cheerful. But they reveal a gloom that is a pose—the confidence that permits the folding of shrouds with evident enjoyment.

Again, was the century strictly "classical"? Too familiar designation, vaguely expanded by Trevelyan as meaning "an age of unchallenged assumptions." Was there no romance in the air, no sense of wonder, no respect for the Sublime? (Burke's celebrated treatise on this topic, which appears to identify the Sublime with the Large is certainly one of the feeblest ever contributed to æsthetic theory.) But what is "romance"?

If, as Walter Pater maintained, romance consists in "the addition of strangeness to Beauty" much of this ingredient is discoverable in the long series of Spenserian poems, derided by Dr. Johnson in a paper of *The Rambler*. Of these James Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, and Beattie's *Minstrel* are or were the best known. But there are dozens of others in the "classical" age. These show that fairy casements were already half-opened on the wondrous, as wonder is prompted also by Gothic romances of the school of Mrs. Radcliffe. The age of common-sense—so the calm century has been described. Did any period possess a more eccentric novelist than Sterne, a more whimsical preacher than this parson who gives out a text and then flatly contradicts it with "that I deny"? What queerer novelist than Amory of *John Buncle?* What quainter philosopher than Abraham Tucker of *The Light of Nature Pursued?*

In one of his prefaces Wordsworth complains:

> It is remarkable that, excepting *The Nocturnal Reverie* of Lady Winchelsea and a passage or two of the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of *Paradise Lost* and *The Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature. . . . The eye of the poet was not steadily fixed upon his object.

Do poets, then, work only with the eye? Their *ears* may be within hearing of romantic sounds—so Dryden proves in the songs scattered through his plays. Later Akenside could write prophetic Wordsworth, as David Nichol Smith proves, by quotation, in his admirably chosen *Oxford Book of 18th Century Verse*. The almost unknown William Thompson (of Queen's College, Oxford) can occasionally remind us of Swinburne, the two Wartons (Thomas and Joseph) can transport us into the future in protest against Pope's couplets and the Miltonic diction of many others. Exceptions so numerous fail to prove a rule. And, at the end of the 18th century, we come at last to Blake who breaks every contemporary convention and proves nothing, except that *his* genius is obviously above his age.

Lastly, is it true that the 18th century was irreligious? Trevelyan, after many others, has corrected this vulgar error. "An ethical code based on Christian doctrine was a rule of life to a much larger proportion of the community than it had been in the late mediæval and Tudor periods." Evidence of the century's prolonged preoccupation with theology and matters of Church government could be provided by the thousands of tracts and sermons on, say, the Deistic controversy. I once saw a considerable library almost exclusively composed of Bangorian volumes and leaflets. (That was, in essence, a hubbub between High Church and Low, as we should now say; between Erastianism, the doctrine of a State Church and the Idea of a Visible Church of Apostolic ancestry.) Would any theological controversy cause so much commotion to-day? Besides, not all the Deists were sceptics: Unitarians are not atheists. Toland, Collins, Woolston, Tindal and the rest believed that religious truth could be ascertained by unimpeded Reason. But so did the melancholy Bishop Butler who asserts in the famous *Analogy* that "Reason is the only faculty we have to judge anything, even Revelation itself." It is a dangerous admission. A few—though far fewer than in the time of Mr. Gladstone and Matthew Arnold—now read Butler. Many more get their ideas of 18th century religion from Jonathan Swift who, in his *Argument against Abolishing Christianity* writes thus concerning the supposed infidelity of his time:

> The System of the Gospel, after the Fate of other Systems, is generally antiquated and exploded; and the Mass or Body of the Common People, among whom it seems to have had its latest Credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their Betters; Opinions, like Fashions, always descending from those of Quality to the middle Sort and thence to the Vulgar where at length they are dropp'd and vanish.

Swift was a satirist in argument. Satire presents a deformed reflection of the "spirit of the age." Much 18th century fiction also caricatures real types. These books amuse. We are not amused by the writings of a long line of worthy prelates—Martin Benson, Thomas Sherlock, Gibson, and Arnold's favourite, the Manx Bishop, Thomas Wilson, whose *Sacra Privata* is amongst the masterpieces of that devotional literature which the century has been supposed to lack. It is not easy, by the way, to forgive this humble-living pastor of souls his sentence inflicted upon "a notorious strumpet" whom he caused to be dragged after a boat in the sea watched by the constables and soldiers of the garrison. Sanctity and cruelty are not irreconcilable.

As to mystical meditation, wait, later, for William Law's *Spirit of Love* and *Spirit of Prayer* and ask if any century since the Middle Ages has produced purer essays in that kind. Works like these, men like Law, are effaced by the much more famous Gibbon and Hume: both ironical infidels. We remember the readable agnostics. We forget the devout bores.

"Would you like to have lived then?" So Saintsbury asks in the Conclusion to *The Peace of the Augustans*. Fascinating, foolish question. For who are "we"? Are "we" scholars, poets, scribblers, journalists? Our fate might then be

> Toil, envy, want, the patron or the jail.

Are "we" parsons? Parson Adams or some richly endowed pluralist? We must transfer ourselves to the past—as nearly as imaginable in the social condition we endure or enjoy *now*. We cannot recover ourselves, after the Time Machine has worked backwards, as Milord Chesterfield, after having been to-day mere reviewers of books. We ought to keep to our rank in life, as indeed 18th century conventions would have insisted. But, when that allowance is made, it is probable that most instructed Englishmen would choose this period as the ideal place for escape. It seemed to be planted in stability. It did not insist, in its supposed "bumptiousness," upon the fatuous illusion of Progress, but reposed in a generally placid acquiescence in things as they were. Still to judge whether it would be wise to go back we cannot rely for evidence on literature alone. We have to study the lives of all classes in town and country. We must turn from Saintsbury to such books as Mrs. Eric George's *London Life in the Eighteenth Century*. What stenches, what gin-swilling, what diseases, what neglect of children, of the old, of the weak!

And yet the delusion, the nostalgic regret, returns. To-day, questioned as to what century it would be best to live in, we might respond in the manner of the poet's disquietingly silent soul in the most poignant of Baudelaire's *Little Poems in Prose*. "Anywhere out of the world!" cries the soul, as it is enticed by the pictures of fair cities "where even the heart has peace." So we, if offered a retreat into ages of supposed beauty and happiness—Greece, "in the best period," Rome in the age of the Antonines, the high Middle Age, the Renaissance, the 18th century—might, in our weaker moments, answer: "Anywhere out of the present!"

Richard Jennings

---

* Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.

SPANISH CONVERSATION

Politics, Economics and Men of Modern Spain, 1808—1946. By A. Ramos Oliveira. *Gollancz.* 30*s.*

In what amounts to a series of essays, rather than a consecutive narrative, the former editor of *El Socialista* and Republican Press Attaché in London during the Civil War, gives his interpretation of developments in Spain from the Napoleonic invasion to the present day. Of the 685 pages 423 are devoted to the 1931 Republic, the Civil War and its aftermath. His dominant thesis is that the social inequality arising from the system of land tenure is at the root of Spain's problems. The large landowners with their preponderant interest in wheat and olives have succeeded, so his argument runs, in exercising a stranglehold on the nation's economy, and in retaining in their hands effective political power, thereby frustrating the development of a strong rural and commercial middle class, starving industry of capital through their hold on finance, hampering foreign trade by protectionist demands, and in general preventing the development of Spain's material and moral resources and the raising of the standard of living. The Church, Army, Crown, and weak middle class, in turn allied themselves with the landed oligarchy, with whom their interests were not really identical, through fear of social unrest. The 1931 Republic, which came at a moment when the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera had already weakened the political, if not the economic power of the landed oligarchy, helped to bring about its own downfall, he implies, because it allowed itself to be diverted from its main task of tackling the agrarian problem, by anti-clericalism, regionalism, the premature class struggle of urban workers against capitalism, and respect for parliamentary procedure.

Don Antonio Ramos Oliveira has little patience with attempts to introduce a regime of political liberty before completing the reshaping of the economic structure of the country; he is in favour of a strong centralised state, although he would concede cultural autonomy to the regions. "Every nation, when it remakes its institutions, needs a government with plenary powers directed by a strong man," he says. In other words, a dictatorship of the Left under a Cromwell, a Napoleon or a Lenin—an "iron surgeon," as envisaged by Joaquín Costa, the 19th century Spanish reformer, to whom Señor Ramos Oliveira devotes a chapter. Given the development of the middle class in the Basque country and Catalonia and the attachment of these regions in modern times to western political democracy, it is open to question whether in these vital areas (and perhaps elsewhere too), the methods advocated by Señor Ramos Oliveira would not arouse resistance as dangerous as the dilatory proceedings of the parliamentary system, which he condemns for Spain in her present phase.

The chapters on the Civil War and its aftermath contain some new and first-hand information, and a defence of Dr. Negrín's policy of resistance in the last tragic stages of the Republic's struggle against Spanish reaction and foreign intervention. Allegations that the former Prime Minister is an orthodox communist or tool of the communists are convincingly disposed of, but no clear idea emerges of how to make opposition to Franco in Spain and abroad effective today.

With its striking generalisations, its lively if ruthless portraits of political figures (notably of the two Presidents of the 1931 Republic, Señores Alcalá Zamora and Azaña), and its vast amount of information, this book irresistibly recalls the virtues and defects of Spanish café conversations. Many good ideas are not fully worked out, some questions raised are answered by assertions, often generalisations tend to cancel each other out. For instance, the assertion that "there is perhaps no nation in the world which has had less chance of deciding its own destiny. . . . Spaniards themselves have played but a small part in making the history of Spain," hardly squares with the argument that much of the blame for the failure to break the power of the landed oligarchy lies with the "relative and rapid impoverishment of Spain in political personalities and leaders." Since the main thesis rests on economic determinism, it is disappointing that the fifty pages devoted entirely to economic questions should be on the whole superficial. For example, the sweeping accusation against American "economic imperialism" and in particular against the terms of the 1945 purchase by Franco of the American International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation's Spanish telephone monopoly, may be justified but not on the evidence produced. Again, the question is raised but not really answered of whether Spain had more to gain or lose by foreign investment in her industry and minerals at a time when Spanish capital was unwilling to provide the necessary funds for their development.

Helen F. Grant

NEW NOVELS

Death Into Life. By Olaf Stapledon. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The River. By Rumer Godden. *Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In Search of Stephen Vane. By B. Ifor Evans. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Voyage to Arcturus. By David Lindsay. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In an Author's Note of uncompromising brevity, Mr. Stapledon states: "This fantasy is not a novel." Luckily, he can be spared some of the indignity of being reviewed as if he had published a novel, for in varying degrees the three other books are not novels either. Miss Godden's, for instance, is too short. Mr. Evans describes his as "an attempt at fictional biography," and indeed it has fewer virtues as a novel than as a critical essay on the modern temper. The late David Lindsay's *Voyage to Arcturus* is closer to Blake's Prophetic Books than to anything hitherto recorded in prose fiction. All the same, if none of these books is wholly a novel, yet none fits into any other widely used classification. Miss Godden's slight piece on an Anglo-Indian childhood is the kind of thing which has been accepted as fiction for at any rate forty years, and only its length disqualifies it. The presentation of a character through the posthumous researches of a narrator who never met him, or met him but once, is at least as old as *Wuthering Heights*, so that Mr. Evans too would have got by. Allegory goes back to the dawn of language, as well as to the banks of the Nile. And the after-life is fast becoming the fashionable *mise en scène*. William Gerhardi, Aldous Huxley and Rex Warner are three novelists who have minutely studied the emotions of the deceased.

The hero of *Death into Life* is the spirit of Man. We see him enriched by the extinction of an air-gunner aged nineteen who is first subsumed into the spirit of his crew of seven over a German city. This crew-spirit lives with a brief identity and is then further composed into the spirit of all those who have died in that battle, including German civilians. The spirit of Man accommodates them all, and we follow his adventures and reflections until, with the bursting of the sun, he too is extinguished and absorbed into an identity higher still, that of total Spirit, confronted by the Absolute. The book is punctuated by seven interludes and an end-piece in which the narrator apostrophises his beloved on their fifteen thousand days of knowledge of each other. These interludes are simple, direct and frequently moving.

How bitterly the artist and the thinker have struggled for the soul of Mr. Stapledon. It may simply be that, with a different habit of thought, one is repelled by anything that smacks of Hegel, but I wish the artist had won. Mr. Stapledon is not so much a metaphysician as a romantic biologist. The word which apparently best renders for him the meaning of human love is "symbiosis." Human lives present themselves to him as the cells of an organism. Yet this spirit of Man is in the strictest possible sense an abstraction. It is a mere generalisation from all known concrete human existences. If, in a currently favourite simile of those merry fellows the philosophers, existence comes out of essence like Baron von Munchausen pulling himself out of the swamp by his own hair, Mr. Stapledon's reduction of existence to essence is like Baron von M. fetching himself a kick in the seat of his pants and plunging into the swamp again. Indeed, in a simile once equally popular, it is like emptying out the baby with the bath water. And yet what power as a writer Mr. Stapledon can exhibit when he cares. In his first chapter, which describes the bomber's interior over the city, with a trapped moth brushing the cheeks of the crew, there are perfectly stated symbols which could have been developed with naturalness and grace.

Miss Godden's earlier novel, *Black Narcissus* is now, I understand, on its way towards completion as a film. *The River* is sentimental and idyllic. It will not, I think, appeal to Mr. Pressburger. The child Harriet, at a jute-factory on the banks of an Indian river, is matured by the death of a brother (for which she is partly responsible) and her insight into an adult mind twisted by the war, as well as in the course of nature. There are descriptive passages of exceptional beauty, delicate observations of the ways of children and a number of faintly exasperating tricks of style.

Mr. Ifor Evans touches down in India, but he also writes of Persia, Abyssinia, Egypt, Russia and the U.S.A. *In Search of Stephen Vane* is not too short to be a novel, but it is too short for the kind of novel it set out to be. Where so much is made of the narrator's quest for his character, we had the right to expect in the end a full-length portrait and three dimensions. Stephen Vane was a popular novelist who despised his public and privately sought the truth. His opinions are reproduced, a number of those who knew him brought on the stage. There is distinction of thought, not too much Eng. Lit. and half-a-dozen first-rate sketches for characters, but one remembers chiefly a shadowy figure pursuing its shadow.

A Voyage to Arcturus was first published in 1920 in a small edition of which almost half was remaindered. To reprint a series of lost novels of the 'twenties is one of those good ideas which make Mr. Gollancz the publisher with a personality. David Lindsay was an ungraceful writer with tremendous insights. These led him to a realm far beyond the long-term consolations of the Hegelian synthesis, which arrested Mr. Stapledon. It is a Zoroastrian realm in which the defeat of Ahriman is not rigged from the start. *A Voyage to Arcturus* demands a great deal from the reader for a doubtful reward. These turgid pages are peopled by figures with names like those of proprietary medicines, and I am still far from certain what most of them represent. Krag, who is redemptive pain, Crystalman, Muspel and the several protagonists in this odd theology are as clear as we have any right to expect. But just what Leehalfae, Joiwind, Tydomin and Corpang may be, I cannot tell. Not only do the characters bear invented names, but the hero Maskull sprouts organs unnamed on earth, and there are primary colours, "ulfire" and "jale," which in the nature of things cannot be visualized. Nevertheless, David Lindsay gave body and form to that "dynamic nature of evil" of which Mr. Ifor Evans speaks in the abstract, and there are long passages in *A Voyage to Arcturus* of which one feels, as one feels of intensities in music, that they annotate the passions with greater exactitude than do mere words.

Rayner Heppenstall

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD "N.S.& N." Subscriptions. Supplies for **OVERSEAS** are now unrestricted. **A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION** to any address in the world costs: Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* **BY AIR** to any country in Europe £2 7*s.* 6*d.* yearly, and to other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1½*d.* ; *Foreign,* 1*d.* ; *Canada,* 1*d.*

ARCHITECTURE FOR EVERYMAN

The Englishman Builds. By RALPH TUBBS. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Anatomy of the Village. By THOMAS SHARP. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The real success of what Mr. Tubbs calls by that rather period title the New Architecture does not lie in the number of buildings one sees around that look different from the way buildings used to look, but in the fact that a sociological, analytical approach to architecture and its problems is nowadays almost taken for granted. A few years ago a book called "The Englishman Builds" would probably have been a romantic treatise on the methods of some monkish craftsman. To-day we can count on the Englishman in such a title being, instead, the ordinary man on whose behalf architecture exists, and the way he builds being presented, not as an archaic mystery, but as a product of the way he lives.

This revolution in outlook had been brewing in intellectual circles for some time; but only since the war has it influenced a wide public, for a general interest in architecture as a by-product of history was in part inspired by speculation about the possibilities of reconstruction after bombing. But it was consciously fostered, too, by several educational bodies who, as part of their war work, undertook the long-neglected task of instilling a greater understanding of architectural and town-planning issues into the minds of ordinary people. Among these bodies were the Institute of Adult Education and the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, for whom Mr. Tubbs designed two most excellent travelling exhibitions, which set out to demonstrate, in a popular way, how throughout history the form architecture takes has been determined, not by individual whim, but by what Mr. Tubbs calls the mental climate of the age. Here is the second of these two exhibitions published in book form, the first—a town-planning exhibition entitled "Living in Cities"—having been similarly published some years ago. And an admirable little volume it makes. Each phase of English architectural history is presented in turn in relation to the religious, economic, social and technical developments of the time, and its character defined by taking one representative building of each period and illustrating it in detail: a parish church for the twelfth century, a stone-built barn for the thirteenth, a timber-framed house for the sixteenth, and so on.

The pictures and captions that made up the exhibition have been added to for the book, and a parallel text has been added as well. This text, though it serves a useful purpose in amplifying the historical background, is spoilt by a certain amount of rather sententious moralising, which only diffuses the story so admirably told in the pictures. However, any defects in the writing are nothing compared with the virtues of the book as a whole. It is splendid value for 3*s.* 6*d.*, with its 72 pages and more than 100 illustrations. The latter are chosen with an unusual flair for avoiding the obvious yet making each point comprehensibly. Only when the story reaches the present day does Mr. Tubbs cease to paint a clear picture of what is going on. This, I think, is because in dealing with the past he is genuinely concerned with what ordinary people felt about architecture. But in dealing with the present he suddenly becomes more concerned with what he would like them to think. He stops being an historian and becomes a propagandist. Everything he says about modern architecture is true and apposite, but it has very little to do with the way the ordinary man approaches the subject of his own architectural needs, and so from being human and practical Mr. Tubbs becomes superior and theoretical. Perhaps he would say that the times require that we should be told what is good for us; that if our mental climate is not such as can produce good architecture, we must be taught first to accept an architecture in which a healthier mental climate will be encouraged to develop. And he may be right.

Mr. Sharp, too, seems least certain of his ground when he is offering a solution to a contemporary problem. But he is not to be blamed for that, as the place of the country village in the modern national economy will have to be settled by the collaboration of many people besides town-planners. In any case, it is only a single illustration in his book I find unconvincing: his suggested plan for a modern village, which seems too exclusively architectural a method of solving what now belongs, for better or worse, to the unsolved problems of social and industrial planning. This Mr. Sharp recognizes in his exposition of the impact of the modern world on the traditional village set-up, which is both acute and constructive. His discussion of the desirable size of villages, for example, as determined by the population that can support an adequate educational unit, is fascinating.

Mr. Sharp writes about such matters clearly and convincingly, but most people will value the first part of his book even more. It is a study of the English village as it now exists, and is wholly delightful. Mr. Sharp classifies villages into their various functional types—the roadside village, the squared village, the planned (or model) village, and so on—discussing the physical characteristics of each and illustrating them with a charming series of comparative plans and photographs, in the choice and captioning of which he shows an unerring eye for the small things that give topographical character. Each of the villages he illustrates, famous or obscure, as well as being representative of its type is unique in its own personality. And this is the test the English village has to face to-day: whether, in spite of the new world with which it has to link itself or die, it can preserve its genius for doing the same thing in an infinite number of equally valid ways.

The lay-out of this book, it should be added, is a model of lucidity and elegance. Penguins have been responsible for many feats of production, but none better than these two.

J. M. RICHARDS

SCANDINAVIAN THEATRE

Scandinavian Plays of the 20th Century. Introduction by ALRIK GUSTAVSEN. *Oxford University Press.* 20*s.*

To those who find in Max's unforgettable caricature of William Archer kissing Ibsen's toe (in a room adorned by a wallpaper patterned by Ibsen's whiskers and containing a recondite allusion in the background to the worst line in *Little Eyolf*) a poignant comment on the history of the Scandinavian drama in this country, a new volume of Scandinavian plays arouses at first sight a familiar sense of foreboding. Just how bad are the English translations? Are they once again mere travesties of the originals, like many translations of Björnson and Strindberg, or do they resemble the heavy-handed, humourless productions which, with certain exceptions, are all the British public knows of Ibsen? That Scandinavian playwrights should have suffered so signally at the hands of English and American translators is not surprising, since writers here familiar with the northern languages are rare; and those with, in addition, stage experience, rarer still. It is too often forgotten that in translating a play a thorough knowledge of dramatic technique is indispensable. Without it, not only does the dialogue become clumsy and ineffective, but many subtle allusions, connecting links in the exposition, or touches of characterisation, are mishandled or lost outright; leading to

HOUR-GLASS LIBRARY
2/6 *each volume*
SELECTED STORIES
Now Available
1. RHYS DAVIES
2. FRED URQUHART
3. NORAH HOULT
4. JOHN BROPHY
Ready Shortly
5. ETHEL MANNIN
6. ELIZABETH BOWEN
In Preparation
7. FRANK O'CONNOR
8. MALACHI WHITTAKER
9. STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
10. GERALD BULLETT
11. ELIZABETH BERRIDGE
12. JAMES HANLEY
MAURICE FRIDBERG
DUBLIN : LONDON

Art and Regeneration
MARIA PETRIE
Introduction by Herbert Read.
12/6
A much wider practice of the arts is advocated in a controversial book full of enthusiasm and deep conviction. Illustrated with colour and monochrome reproductions of children's painting and sculpture.
New Statesman and Nation: "This book is arresting, challenging and timely. No praise can be too high for the reproductions which clinch her case better than a whole spate of words."
Homes for the People
Assoc. of Building Technicians
Introduction by The Right Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Minister of Health.
7/6
A profusely illustrated book on our future dwellings, for the man in the street.
Architects' Year Book
Editors: JANE B. DREW, MAXWELL FRY, HERBERT READ, PROFESSOR SIR CHARLES H. REILLY.
35/-
This monumental volume is designed so as to convey the main outlines of contemporary architecture together with illuminating chapters on Art, Mural Painting, Landscape Architecture, Exhibitions, etc.
Observer: "...The book's qualities are lucidity and grace. Here is a book of great interest, both to layman and to architect."
PAUL ELEK
HATTON GARDEN, LONDON

John Lehmann Ltd:
announce their first three titles for publication in October, 1946.
THAT SUMMER
is a collection of stories by FRANK SARGESON, the brilliant New Zealand writer. 8*s.* 6*d*
NEW WRITING AND DAYLIGHT
(Autumn, 1946)
contains all the usual features and a special section on 'The Future of Fiction' with contributions by WALTER ALLEN, L. P. HARTLEY, ARTHUR KOESTLER, ROSE MACAULAY, V. S. PRITCHETT and SIR OSBERT SITWELL. 10*s.* 6*d.*
SAVAGE GOLD
is an adventure story for boys (and grown-ups), by ROY FULLER, with illustrations by ROBERT MEDLEY. 8*s.* 6*d.*
JOHN LEHMANN

Let Lloyds Bank look after your interests
SEE THE MANAGER OF YOUR LOCAL BRANCH
1677

an accumulation of errors that result, at best, in a vague obscurity, and, at the worst, in that total incomprehensibility which has been the fate in English of some of Strindberg's more difficult plays.

A glance at the title page of the present volume is reassuring in so far as our worst fears are concerned. Published under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation it can be expected to contain no glaring faults, and a competent rendering of the originals may be assumed. But, with one exception, the versions are not wholly free from the faults indicated above. The dialogue is too often inflexible and lacking in spontaneity, and the author's intentions do not always come through as they might. The situation is complicated for English readers by the American idiom, which to our ears must seem out of place where there is a European or historical setting. Such a line as "Aw, shut your trap," in a play about the Paris Commune must strike a jarring note. But on the whole, these are small blemishes and the work has been creditably done. The version by Roy Campbell of Helge Krog's *Sounding Shell* stands out, indeed, as exceptionally good. His handling of the dialogue, which in the original reaches a high level of skill, is able and sensitive. The play itself, a subtle essay by an accomplished writer, deals with the problems arising from the relations between a girl and three men. The dialogue here is of great importance, and the translator's success is due to his sympathy and skill in re-creating it.

English readers will probably turn with particular interest to *Niels Ebbesen* by the Danish writer, Kai Munk, whose name is the only one of this group of playwrights they are likely to know. The remarkable career and tragic death at the hands of the Nazis of this brilliant and courageous clergyman-playwright have brought him fame beyond the borders of his country, and his plays have recently had great success throughout Scandinavia. Kai Munk despised the modern "psychological" play, and sought to restore to the theatre the full-blooded romantic manner of an earlier age. *Niels Ebbesen* tells the story of a Danish national hero who murders the foreign oppressor of his country. It is a thinly disguised attack on the Nazis, and may well have been a contributory cause of the author's death. But the story, though apt to the times, is not particularly suited to the stage, being little more than a glorified anecdote. Though treated by Kai Munk with skill and vigour it lacks the force and interest of his play *Diktatorinden* (not included here), which deals with the strange story of Christian II, Dyveke and Sigbrit.

Of the two remaining plays, Grieg's *The Defeat*, which plays in the Paris of the Commune, is written from a near-Marxist point of view, and is a not unsuccessful treatment of a difficult theme. Kjeld Abell's *Anna Sophie Hedwig* is a modern problem play in which an elderly provincial school-mistress commits a murder to save her little world from the grip of a miniature tyrant. It was written at a time when resistance to the Nazis was imperative and its moral is clear. The play is tense and is handled with originality.

All these plays afford proof that the Scandinavian theatre is very much alive at the present time; but only the two dealing with contemporary life would be likely to interest audiences here. The book is well produced and has an able and informative preface by Alrik Gustavsen.

GRAHAM RAWSON

FILING FOR TEACHERS

Research in Education. By R. A. C. OLIVER. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

The change from public indifference to education to an almost suffocating interest has been as about as abrupt as the changed fortunes of the Cinderella to which education used to be likened. The Education Act has invited development plans, and pious hopes have been expressed that education shall henceforth be child-centred. Meanwhile, precious little has been said about the content of education. Professor Oliver's book is timely in that it poses problems as numerous as pebbles on the shore, and demonstrates how few of these have been picked up. He shows that the country is embarking on an enterprise of unparalleled magnitude and importance with the way almost uncharted by research. Many long-accepted assumptions remain unproved. Has a child revealed a "cast of mind" sufficiently at eleven to permit his being selected for the type of school best suited to his abilities, or does transfer at thirteen guarantee a smaller margin of error? How far can the cultural heritage of Western civilisation be profitably acquired in translation? What effect on learning has the drinking of a third of a pint of milk? Is there "any valid evidence" that the prefect system develops a quality of leadership, and that team games develop the team spirit? It is understandable that a director of education was embarrassed when a foreign headmaster asked to be shown our "character building activities." Too often the distinctive characteristics of the public schools have been taken over by the newer schools in name only, without the deeply rooted tradition which gives them unquestioned validity in their original environment. Research, however, might well prove whether an education based on play does produce children who are "more friendly and better developed socially" than the victims of formal education, and whether the so-called progressive education does not run the risk of producing superficiality of learning rather than the precision of absolute scholarship.

Professor Oliver's case for the urgency of research is unanswerable. Doubts only arise when it is understood that the researchers to whom his forceful appeal is addressed are the grossly overtaxed teachers. They are already in danger of being turned into reliable clerks recording data, the purpose of which is often as ill-defined as its ultimate use is doubtful. Time was when it was the teacher's job to teach. A new recruit to the profession might sometimes wonder whether he would not have been as well trained for his calling had he pursued a clerical course at Clark's College as taking a degree at a university. Now Professor Oliver comes along asking that a hundred thousand teachers shall also be "research workers in educational sociology." In their daily work such they already are, and if they could be given a term's leave of absence to record their practical experience, much good would accrue.

American schools bristle with filing cabinets and all the abracadabra of the efficient office. Yet by and large they miss the academic root of the matter. If advocates as persuasive as Professor Oliver let research in at the door while true education flies out of the window, Cinderella's last state will be worse than her first. By all means let experience help research to plan the future profitably, but only under conditions which will not add to the already formidable obstacles between a teacher and his job. JOHN GARRETT

World Labour Comes of Age. By BETTY WALLACE. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 8s. 6d.

Delay in production has taken the edge off the topicality of this book. Written in June, 1945, it records the proceeds of the World Trade Union Conference held in London in February, 1945. Mrs. Wallace gives a day to day commentary on the Conference, quoting from the speeches of the leading delegates and reprinting verbatim Conference declarations on such questions as the Allied War Effort and the Peace Settlement. As background to the London

CHARACTER—
CAPACITY—
CAPITAL

These are at the root of banking, and greatest among them is character.

Men and women of integrity and capability will always find the Bank ready to assist them. They are assured of a welcome and the sympathetic consideration of their proposals at more than 1800 branches of the Bank.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

£3,920

FOR *YOU*—AT AGE 55

Suppose you are not over 45, this is the plan (for women it is slightly varied). You make agreed regular monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada. At 55 you will receive £3,920 plus accumulated dividends—or £240 a year for life. If you are over 45, the benefits are available at a later age.

£3,000 FOR YOUR FAMILY. Should you not live to age 55, your family will receive £3,000, even if you only live to make one payment.

INCOME TAX SAVED. On every payment to the Company you receive the appropriate rebate of income tax.

Why not write for details suited to your personal requirements? The plan covers all amounts of savings from as little as £1 per month, and the cash or pension can in most cases commence either at 50, 55, 60 or 65. Please state your exact age and occupation.

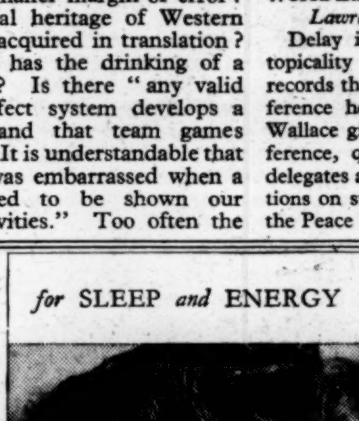
H. O. LEACH (General Manager for British Isles)

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company)

10, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1

for SLEEP *and* ENERGY



Cadburys
BOURN-VITA

WELL INFORMED

commentaries on world affairs .... authoritative articles on art, literature and science.... historical and biographical studies .... theatres and films .... sport — varied and entertaining.

Everybody's

Read in over a million homes

Conference, she devotes the rest of her book to a factual summary of trade union developments in the Americas, the British Dominions and Colonies, the Soviet Union, China and Europe. This section of the book is a useful source for the basic data of trade unionism. In spite of its title, this book does not amount to more than a guide to the London Conference: though it includes a postcript on the World Trade Union Conference held in Paris in October, 1945. Written so soon after the close of the Conference, the book fails to emphasise decisions of long-term importance to the Trade Union Movement against the daily run of Conference business and at times it reads like reportage from a daily newspaper. It would have been useful if Mrs. Wallace had made some attempt to deal with the theoretical problems and implications of the Trade Union Movement in the post-war world and of the future rôle of trade unionism in countries governed by Labour. Nevertheless the book has its uses as a brief account of some aspects of international trade unionism.

Week-end Competitions

No. 865

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet bidding farewell to this summer. Entries by Sept. 24th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 862

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a quatrain defining any of the following words: protagonist, meticulous, literally, definitely, nice, fascinate, lovely, deep, snobbish, democratic, liberal, deviationist, collective, escapist.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

The most popular word, to my surprise, was "nice." The political words seem to be losing their sting: "collective" defeated everybody, and "deviationist" has evidently become a bore. But "deep" and "lovely" also appeared to numb competitors' minds. Was I right in suspecting I had heard Anon's definition of "snobbish" before?

A dirty piece of orange peel
The stump of a cigar
Once trod on by a princely heel—
How Beautiful they are!

There were neat entries by Allan M. Laing, Willy Tadpole, R. L. Bingham, J. J. Blundell, A. C. Simmons, Robert Gaffikin, Joyce Johnson, Fergie and many others. Many competitors tried four or five definitions, but generally speaking only one really came off. F.C.C. is the outstanding exception; her four entries were excellent, and she did not flinch from "deep" and "lovely" either. She has a first prize of two guineas; and the rest of the prize money I divide between Frank Buckland, Yorick, Willy Tadpole, Leslie Johnson, Roy Walker, Terence Melican, L. E. J., Maurice Cassel, Cluny and H. S. Murray.

NICE

As Henry Tilney wittily foresaw*
This word has grown one of our national vices:
A hundred years have gone, and yet we draw
No nice distinction twixt our various *nices*.

F. C. C.

DEEP

Deep is the night; the pool; the lover's look;
Regret, and joy, and sleep—the insomniac's need,
And deep the uneducated call a book
They never read.

F. C. C.

SNOBBISH

Some think the risk of being snobbish ends
When they are not ashamed of humble friends;
Whereas the urge to seem upon a par
With those we aren't, is deeper, deeper far.

F. C. C.

LOVELY'S CONFESSION

Poet, my sweet, sad syllables beware,
For Satan first conceived them—fatal plot
To make your fellows think their wives were
Myself, when they were not.

F. C. C.

* See Northanger Abbey.

To *fascinate* is to attract
Without surcease. The lover racked,
The mouse that may not flee its fate,
Both know how cats do fascinate.

Frank Buckland

FASCINATE

Bewitch of old, with evil eye entice.
In days of dark belief the sense was bad.
What fascinates to-day is rather nice,
The eye that once was evil now is glad.

Maurice Cassel

NICE

Foolish* to Scots; with fish-kettles vexation;
Fine-drawn; well-balanced; given to disdain;
With sorts, just nasty; moot in disputation;
A place that Musso bellowed for in vain.

L. E. J.

*[" A nice wyf and a back doore
Maketh a rich man poore."
Inscription at Earlshall, Fife.]

There's a word with a vogue that's immense,
Its misuse is infectious, insidious,
But those who are truly fastidious
Will only use "nice" in that sense.

Leslie Johnson

NICE

You ask me what nice is. . . . Not Aberystwyth ices,
Nor Palestinian crises, nor Paris "peace" devices,
But peaceful pre-war rice is nice at pre-war level prices,
And boating on the Isis, that's what nice is.

Cluny

METICULOUS

Detail he fondly loved, but a corroding FEAR
Of being commonplace, or wrong, or not quite clear,
Sat on his dictionary and with Gremlin leer
Whispered "meticulous" in his unhappy ear.

H. S. Murray

METICULOUS

To wind the watch, to regulate the breath,
No miniature decision to reverse;
Make love by metronome; before your death
Choose coffin, grave-stone, and the type of hearse.

Terence Melican

DEMOCRATIC

In Cleon's time meant "Government by the Mob,"
Now, in the changing course of Use and Wont,
Means, just according to your bent or job,
The Government by those you like—*or don't*.

Yorick

DEFINITELY

A word used after *yes* by such
People as "protest too much,"
And one which frequently will follow
Affirmations hard to swallow.

Willy Tadpole

Giving away to others what's their own;
Acting expediently on principle;
Mating a free mind and a moral tone;
Enlightened (though too late); thus liberal.

Roy Walker

Lecture Courses and Specialised Training

SIR Ernest Simon is among the speakers at the International Student Service autumn lecture course, "Evolution of the University in the West," to be held at 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1, on following dates: "The Art of Thought," September 25th; "The Genesis of the University," October 9th; "Humanism and Rationalism," October 23rd; "Education and the Reform Movement," November 13th; "Universities in the United States," November 27th; "The Civic Universities of Great Britain," December 10th; Lectures commence at 7.30 p.m., with time for discussion afterwards. Fees, each lecture, 1*s*., or 5*s*. for the course. Details from: Secretary, I.S.S., 59 Gloucester Place, Portman Sq., London, W.1.

GOLDSMITHS' College, New Cross, S.E.14. Evening Adult Dept. session begins September 23rd. Enrolment week, Sept. 16th-20th. Classes in Ethics, Psychology, Religion, Public Admin., Social Problems, U.S.S.R. Studies, Russian, Literature (Diploma), Youth Leadership, Discussion Group Leadership. Ballet, Film; etc. Partics. from Warden.

BROADCASTING: The New Medium. 9 public lectures, Tues. 6.30, beginning Oct. 1st. Lecturers: T. O. Beachcroft, Ian Cox, Patric Dickinson, Lionel Gamlin, Laurence Gilliam, Denis Johnston, C. E. M. Joad, Ted Kavanagh, Louis MacNeice. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd. S.E.1 (Wat. 6872). Course fee: 5s.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd. S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 23rd. Enrolment Sept. 16th-20th, 5.30-8.30. Evening classes for men and women in: Politics, Economics, History; English Language and Literature; Theatre School; Philosophy and Psychology; Science; Music; Art; Languages; Keep-Fit, Dancing and Fencing. Fees from 11*s*. p.a. Details from Sec. (Wat. 6872).

MARY Ward Settlement (Tavistock Pl.). Russian, Fri. 6.30-8, Thur. 6-7.30. Philosophy (hist., probls.), Thur., 7.30-9. Com. Sept. 19th.

Lecture Courses—continued

12 LECTURES on "The Psychology of Delinquency," as part of the Univ. of London Extension Courses, will be held Wed. evenings, 7 p.m., begin. Oct. 2nd, by Dr. Alan Maberly. Fee £1; single tickets, 2s. Full pars. from I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St. Davies St. London, W.1. May. 0632-3.

JAMES Ching Pianoforte School. Principal: James Ching, M.A., B.Mus.Oxon, 21 Wigmore St. W.1. Psychology of Public Performance. Principal is arranging for formation of practice groups wherein techniques of modern dynamic psychology will be applied for purpose of increasing skill and self-confidence in playing before an audience. Each session will consist of a short lecture followed by discussion and practical work. Lectures also available in printed form. Partics. from Sec.

PAINTING Lessons by free method specially designed to develop the individual, and for those who need a constructive recreational activity to help them overcome their psychological difficulties. Apply for further particulars to Sheila Ivor-Jones, The Studio, 73 Priory Rd., Hampstead, N.W.6.

Personal

WORDBLINDNESS, difficulty in reading and spelling treated by individual rapid method. Educ. Psychologist can accept a few more cases. Adults and children. Box 1982.

PUBLISHING business is seeking active partner. Additional capital of £5,000 to pursue opportunities of extension is required. Box 2080.

ENGLISH lady, German educated and recently with Control Commission, gives German lessons. Esp. conversation and schrift. Pad. 1280, ext. 163 after 7 p.m.

RUSSIAN, German, French post and oral by professional teacher. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Gt. Titchfield Street, W.1.

PROF. illustrator wishes contact author animal stories. No amateurs. Box 2101.

COSMOPOLITAN Dramatic Centre (Amateur group meeting weekly, Central London) invites applications for membership from actors, playwrights and producers. Box 1767.

Personal—continued

RUSSIAN taught by a Russian. Phone Hampstead 3801.

PRIMAVERA has printed and woven fabrics, pottery, glass and woodwork made by craftsmen. Address: 149 Sloane St. S.W.1. Sloane 5779.

BRUSH Up Your Memory. A new course "Your Mind and How to Use It," by founder of Pelmanism. Complete 6 postal lessons, fee 30s. Pamphlet free. Ennever Foundation, Vernon House, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

A DAY in the life of your child. At meals, playing, bathing, sleeping. Photographed in your own home by a London professional photographer. Douglas Glass, 20 Abingdon Villas, W.8. Western 2336.

GAIN Word Mastery through amazing Idea and Word Chart. Makes conversation sparkling, writing more brilliant. Send 1*d*. stamp for Word Chart to Psychology Pubg. Co., Lt. (Dept. NSN/HV9), Marple, Cheshire.

WATCHES wanted; new, old, disused, or out of order. Top prices paid. Send registered. Cash or offer return. Kay's (N.S.), 19 Hopwood Ave. Manchester, 4.

PIANISTS—Violinists. Rapid Fingering. Flexible wrists, octave playing made easy (pianists). Vibrato (violinists). Descript. bk. "Finger Magic" (2½*d*. stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 60 New Oxford St. W.C.1.

ACADEMIC robes. R. Buttress & Co., Ltd., 14/15 St John's Street, Cambridge, are anxious to purchase second-hand Cambridge University gowns and hoods.

TOM LONG Tobacco, wise men say—"A better smoke and less to pay."

COUPON free, 1st quality gloving chamois, to make 2 pairs, with free pattern and simple instructions, 13*s*. 6*d*. Also basils for shopping bags and all accessories. Byfield & Co. (S.N.), 122 Brighton Rd. Purley.

I.S.S. Review, illustrated (6*d*. bi-mthly.). Contributions on univ. affairs in Austria, China, France, Holland and India in Sept.-Oct. number now on sale. W. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls, or International Student Service, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

Personal—continued

WEST-END Gallery, ground floor available for Painters and Sculptors' personal shows Reasonable terms. Welbeck 1553.

DUTTON One-week Shorthand. Test lesson, send 3*d*. in stamps. Write Dept. N.S. 92-3 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

WHAT do Unitarians believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp from Mrs. Dickin, The Hill, Langport, Som.

MUSIC Parade, the New Illustrated Miscellany for intelligent listeners and music-makers. Opera, Ballet, Orchestras, Bands. 2*s*. from Smith's and good booksellers. 2*s*. 2*d*. post free from 3 England's Lane, N.W.3.

DRUGS Destroy Health — Read Why Nature Cure?" 3*d*. from Secretary, Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

TO let, good-sized quiet south room. Bed, breakfast, £2 10*s*., optional meals. Hampstead garden suburb. Box 1544.

TWO men (professional) can have one or two rooms each, full service and board except lunch, house facing Hampstead Heath. From 4 *gns*. by arrangement. Mrs. Hubback, 19 Wellgarth Rd., N.W.11.

SERVICE suite, recently decorated, in beautiful Georgian house, Notting Hill Gate. H. and c., thermostatic heating, garage accom. 5 *gns*. weekly incl. bath, brkfst. Box 2879.

BECKETTS School Community welcome guests at Dan-Y-Craig, Grosmont, Hereford. Informal atmosphere, good mod. terms.

WANTED in London, furnished/unfurn. room with cooking facilities for woman teacher away holidays. Write Box 2097.

SMALL furn. flat or other accom., for couple. Most urgent. Central or N.E. if poss. Princes Risbro 213 or write Box 2964.

OFFICE accommodation, Central London/West End urgently required. Would consider sharing. Box 1976.

YOUNG New Zealand professional couple arriving London mid-September, require board, furnished room/flat, Teddington or central, for 6 mths. All replies answered on arrival. Box 2565.